"MYSTERY OF TREVARROCK," COMMENCES IN THIS ADVERTISER, JANUARY 2, 1891. YOU SHOULD READ IT.

Oxford County Advertiser.

You are Invited to Send us the Local News.

VOLUME XXII. NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, JANUARY 2, 1891. NUMBER 1.

AN ACCEPTABLE NEW YEARS' PRESENT; —THE— OXFORD COUNTY ADVERTISER FOR 1891. $1.50, CASH IN ADVANCE.

CARD OF THANKS.

The undersigned wish to extend their gratitude to the neighbors and friends who rendered so valuable assistance through the sickness and death of our beloved father.

W. H. AND T. J. BRIGGS.

Harrison, Dec. 29, '90.

CARD OF THANKS.

Not being able to personally reach several of those who entered into the scheme of making the Christmas time emphatic to me, I send them many thanks through this paper, trusting they will believe in my warm appreciation of a kindness testified to so solidly and elegantly; and that I'm glad [illegible] in the fellowship and good will of the known and the unknown to which [illegible] bears such cheery witness. C. E. ANGELL.

Norway, Jan. 1, 1891.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

The shoe factory and tannery closed Christmas day.

Milk, morning and night, at Hobbs' Variety Store.

Mrs. Packard of Auburn visited her daughters the past week.

Read what the Noyes Drug store folks say on fringes in the advertising column.

Fred Wheeler of Oxford, has moved to Norway.

Try a 5 lb. pail of [illegible] for sale at J. C. Bennett & Co.'s.

Rev. Mr. Rideout preached at Academy Hall, Fryeburg, Dec. 28th.

J. W. Swan will [illegible] the studio a few days longer.

Carrie Tucker went to Westbrook Seminary, Monday morning.

Mrs. Chase will close her store Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings until further notice.

Mrs. John F. Horne and son Ervin of Portland recently visited his father, Capt. Amos F. Noyes.

If you are in want of hams go to J. C. Bennett & Co.'s and get one of J. P. Squire's hams, the best in the market.

The W. C. T. U. will meet in the library room next Monday evening at 7:30. Visitors will be welcome.

A large brass key, picked up in the road [illegible], wrapped in a [illegible] pocket handkerchief.

Mrs. E. L. Tucker was presented with a fine gold watch as a Christmas present from her husband. Also Mrs. T. G. Stuart received a similar present from her husband.

The Beal street grocery man tells of a special sale for next Saturday and he makes it interesting and impressive by quoting you prices. See the ad.

Miss Lizzie Whitman has an ad of a pair of spectacles that she recently found on the sidewalk. The owner can have them by proving property and paying for this notice. Call at this office.

Dr. and Mrs. G. P. Jones received an elegant lamp as a Christmas present from their children, and Mrs. Jones received a gold lined silver bon-bon dish as a present from her Sunday School class.

We have several hundred pounds of old type and metal which makes excellent babbitting that we are selling at 8 cents per pound. Do you want any. Address this office.

Edith Packard and Barge Hebbard were married Wednesday evening from their residence on Main street which they had tastefully fitted up. They received many beautiful and valuable presents. About twenty of the friends and relatives of the contracting parties were present. Everybody unites in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Hebbard a happy and prosperous journey through life.

Capt. Albert [illegible] and wife celebrated the 57th anniversary of their marriage last Friday, the 26th. It was a pleasant time and but few people are spared to be so smart at the advanced age of Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn. Captain Sanborn walks up town every often and steps considerably quicker than many men of less years.

A large audience gathered at the Congregational church [illegible] Wednesday evening last to witness the Christmas exercises. There were recitations and singing followed by a [illegible] fireside scene at Christmas [illegible] years ago. The principal parts were taken by Mrs. Geo. Holmes and [illegible]. Last of all, but not least to the children, was the distribution of presents so profusely scattered over two trees and on tables. Mr. Gammon, the pastor, Mr. Horace Sanborn, Sunday School superintendent, Mrs. Herman Hearn, the organist, and the choir were pleasantly remembered by members of church, society and Sunday School. Mr. Geo. Wilkins was loaded down with presents from friends on all sides. Among the most valuable was a black walnut secretary from his wife. The church and Sunday School appreciate the work done by Mr. Wilkins in getting up the concert Sunday evening and the exercise Wednesday evening. The decorations were all of his designing. Rev. B. S. Rideout and wife were generously remembered by their friends. Among the most valuable presents were an elegant chair from the society, also a fine set of books "In Darkest Africa," from a number of gentlemen. These and all the presents were highly appreciated.

Christmas prices at Miss Libby's. Best cabinets $2.00 per doz. tf.

S. B. & Z. S. Prince are having a storm door built at their store.

A new lot of window shades is at the Noyes Drug Store.

Swan & Stone made 63 negatives Christmas day. Nothing like advertising.

William M. Brooks of Norway will go next week to Presque Isle to teach a winter school.

Swan & Stone, the artists have something new. Agents will see you in a few days.

Ray Brown is here on a two week's vacation from Northport, Mass., where she is attending a ladies' seminary.

Two good tenements in the Billings House, Main St., to let, price $4 and $5 per month. Apply to Geo. L. Beal. (1-2)

Take the advantage of the great mark down sale of overcoats at F. H. Noyes' Clothing Store.

We notice a fine painting of flowers in S. B. & Z. S. Prince's window. It was painted by Mrs. A. J. Avery.

Swan & Stone are still rushed and will continue Christmas prices until the 10th of Jan.

Smiley Brothers are to close their store Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, beginning next week.

S. B. & Z. S. Prince announce this week that they shall close their store each Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening at 6.15. See ad.

We have a few copies of a lithograph birds'-eye-view of Norway village. The price is only 40 cts. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address this office.

Robert Millett, Annie Richardson, Kate Hobbs and Lillie Hazelton are at home from Colby University for the holiday vacation.

Justus I. Millett and Anson Millett have gone into New Hampshire with three pairs of horses to work through the winter, hauling timber.

F. P. Morrill, Norway Lake, has slide yokes for sale. The yokes can be seen at the shop of H. L. Libby, who will be pleased to show you how they work.

Holmes notes at 10 cents per dozen for sale at this office, also bank notes at the same price. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

Thad Cross seized a quantity of intoxicating liquors Wednesday night. They were libelled and a hearing appointed for Saturday, Jan. 10th.

Rev. B. S. Rideout recently received from W. H. Eastman, the seedman of East Sumner, a five dollar gold piece as a prize for the largest pansy grower in Oxford County.

Mason Kilgore's horse got frightened and ran away Christmas day, passing several teams on its way to Steep Falls where it was captured and fortunately escaped without doing any damage.

John Meader was called on by one of our townsmen the other day to butcher an animal. He found him rather a vicious beast and had to shoot him. John took aim at the animal through a partly opened door and brought him down in the floor at the first discharge.

Herbert L. Russell of Norway, who recently graduated at Harvard University, has secured a position as tutor in mathematics and German in Chamberlin Institute at Randolph, New York. He will begin teaching early in January.

Frank Kimball was chosen N. G. for the current term of Norway Lodge No. 16, I. O. O. F. held Tuesday evening of this week, C. S. Akers, V. G.; E. F. Smith, R. S. and P. S.; A. L. F. Pike, Treas.; W. W. Whitmarsh, W. H. Whitcomb and Geo. A. Cole, trustees.

Prof. Wm. H. Whedon gives Select Readings at the Methodist Church, Thursday evening, Jan. 1st. Mr. Whedon is a graduate of the School of Oratory, New York City, and comes well recommended. Doors open at 7 o'clock, to commence at 7.30. The public are invited.

The officers elect of Penn. Lodge K. of P. are: Geo. A. Wilkins, C. C.; Hiram Clark, V. C.; C. S. Lovejoy, P.; Charles G. Mason, K. of R. & S.; F. E. Drake, M. of F.; Arthur Hebbard, M. of E.; E. L. Eaunce, M. at A. Half a dozen new members have been initiated during the term.

Henry Whitlow of Bolster's Mills, is the first applicant under the new law in this section to have his pension granted. He had his claim executed in July last, was examined by the Portland Board of Surgeons and at Christmas he got notice that his claim was granted. He gets $12 per month. It is a worthy case.

The following are the officers elect of Norway Commandery No. 147, U. O. G. C. for the current term: N. A. Trafton, N. C.; Mrs. Hattie E. Trafton, V. C.; Mrs. Etta M. Cleaves, P.; Mrs. Lucelia Cummings, K. of R.; Mrs. Nancy McCrell, F. K. of R.; L. Cummings, Treasurer; Mrs. Carrie Ames, Herald; A. N. French, I. G.; A. F. Andrews, O. G. The officers will be installed by the Grand Commander of the State on the evening of Jan. 8th.

Mrs. Elliot Smith died suddenly Friday at her son Sidney's at New Haven, Conn., where she was spending the winter. Mrs. Smith was born in Jay (now Canton) Dec. 20, 1805, her maiden name being Lavinia Howard Barton. She married Elliot Smith, July 20, 1836. Three children survive her, Flora L., wife of Prof. A. E. Verrill of Yale College, Prof. S. I. of New Haven, and C. M. Smith of Norway. Mrs. Smith has written many poems that were very fine as the readers of the ADVERTISER well remember, and the people in this vicinity always eagerly read every article from her pen. She composed the beautiful hymns that were sung at the Norway Centennial Celebration in 1886, though then over 80 years old. Her son Clarence received a letter from her written apparently in her usual health about the same time he received a telegram announcing her death. Her remains were brought to Norway for burial Thursday. Funeral at the Universalist church. Interment in the family lot in the Rustfield Cemetery.

Christmas prices at Miss Libby's. Best cabinets $2.00 per doz. tf.

Dancing school in the new hall at Otisfield Gore finished last Wednesday eve.

Chas. G. Burlington and bride are visiting Mrs. G. L. Reed.

Have you any money to let? If so call at the ADVERTISER office and talk with F. W. Sanborn.

Boys cape overcoats very cheap and a lot of good bargains at F. H. Noyes' Clothing Store.

Prof. M. H. Small attends the Maine Pedagogical Society meeting at Waterville this week.

Would like to get the post-office address of M. S. Charles formerly of Lovell, Me., but now in Colorado. Send to this office.

Fur coats, fur caps, leather coats, overshirts, mittens, gloves, mufflers, etc, at low prices. Call and see at F. H. Noyes' Clothing Store.

The Women's Relief Corps will have a special meeting for election of officers next Wednesday, Jan. 7th, at Grange Hall.

W. A. Vanderveer of New York, is at G. A. Porter's, South Paris, packing and shipping apples. He has some 3000 barrels to ship.

Rev. J. E. Werren and son of Abington Mass. made a pleasant surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Frost, by visiting them this week.

A. J. Verrell & Co., the Auburn monument dealers have made some winter prices on their goods. Read their ad. and write to them for estimates, or visit them.

H. A. Bradeen is to make an addition to his camp at the West Arm, at the Richardson Lake. It will be in readiness at the opening of the fishing season in the spring.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 8, until further notice, the millinery and fancy goods store of G. M. Packard will close at 6.15 p. m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of each week.

If you have money to let at a conservative rate of interest and desire giltedged security call on F. W. Sanborn at the ADVERTISER office, Norway.

W. C. Blossom, foreman of one of the making rooms at the shoe factory, was presented with a revolving desk chair and an ink well and pen rack by the employees in his room as a Christmas remembrance.

Wm. Muller of Boston, who had charge of a certain part of the work at the tannery for the past eight months, closed his labors here Wednesday and will return to Boston. Mr. Muller has made many friends during his stay here who regret to have him leave town.

S. N. Buck visited Gilead the first of this week in quest of deer. He took Robert Bennett of Gilead along with him as guide into the wilderness and as a result captured two fine specimen of deer. They were on exhibition at his store New Year's day and attracted a good deal of attention.

If you have any claims or bills against the town of Norway—excepting this year's snow bill—you are requested to present them to the selectmen at once for adjustment. The selectmen will be in session Saturday afternoons, Jan. 3, 10, 17, and 24. All bills must be presented on or before Monday, Jan. 26th. See notice.

Some creature made a raid on Uncle Simon Stevens' hens the other night and killed two of his best birds. The animal ate into the skull part of the head and evidently devoured the brains of the biddies. Mr. Stevens set a trap and caught as he supposed a monster big weasle. The animal was all white and measured 17 inches in length. He showed it to Chas. W. Partridge, who pronounced it to be an ermine.

"It was thirty-nine year's ago last April that I commenced to work on this road," said Conductor Asa Garland the other day. "I have been in the service longer than any other man now on a train. There are four station agents on this end of the road that have worked about the same time, or a little longer for the Grand Trunk than I have, but I don't know of any now on a train that has run the number of years that I have," and Asa took up the ticket with a smile and a bow, and passed out.

Sheriff J. L. Parker has this week taken up his quarters at the Elm House. Two deputies will be appointed at South Paris, (one a special liquor deputy,) one at Oxford, one at Lovell, and perhaps others besides the following already appointed: Chandler Garland, Paris Hill, jailor, A. F. Warren and J. W. Whitten, Buckfield, C. M. Wornell and A. B. Godwin, Bethel, Jonathan Blake, Norway, R. A. Barrows, Canton, Eben A. Poor, Andover, Wm. H. Tainter, Dixfield, O. F. Trask, Mexico, Geo. G. Shirley, Fryeburg, David S. Fogg, Brownfield, and Isaac M. Stanley, Porter.

About fifty couples attended the Cutter's Ball, Wednesday evening, and the galleries were well filled. The concert was listened to with pleasure. The following was the program:

Overture. "Queen of Hearts,"......Orchestra
"Whippoorwill's Call."......Male Quartette
Cornet Duet, "Short and Sweet." Messrs. Knapp and Norseworthy
Selection,......Male Quartette

This was the third annual ball given by the Cutters of B. F. Spinney & Co. and they have earned the reputation of giving the most enjoyable ones of the season. A fine oyster and pastry supper was served at the Elm House.

Lasts twice as long as cheap soap for laundry use—Brussels.

Haskell & Rolfe, of Waterford, have recently put a board sawing machine in their Sunday river mill in Newry. They have also made improvements about their mill there by the way of a new stable, etc.

O. M. Cummings was presented with a purse of ten dollars as a Christmas gift from the boarders and guests of the Beal's House. Mr. C. calls at the house every morning for the letters for the early train and it was thought proper to remember this kindness in a more substantial way than a general "I thank you," hence $10 as above stated.

SOUTH PARIS.

Mrs. Ella Neal, of Lewiston, and daughter, are to spend a part of the holidays with Mrs. Neal's father, George Wise.

Isaac Monk's family has been ill nearly all winter, Mr. Monk so much so that he has not been able to work for some time.

A department of Sunday-school work under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. has recently been organized with Mrs. Freeman Merrill as Local Superintendent; Alice Knight, Sec. in Congregational S. S.; Mrs. Herman Fuller in Methodist, and Mrs. A. C. Hall in Baptist.

Rev. T. J. Ramsdell was the recipient of valuable gifts from the Norway and South Paris churches.

Christmas exercises passed off pleasantly in the three chuaches.

The Libby child is recovering.

Mrs. Frank White has been ill, but is considered better.

Mr. Wheeler is settled in his new home.

A regular Arctic winter.

Mr. Wilson is at his home in Waterville.

Mrs. L. P. Winslow has lost a favorite dog. Read adv. in another column, and return the dog if you find him.

SINGE POLE.—Osman Clifford was at W. S. Starbird's Sunday.

H. W. Shaw reports the travelling hard. He has a good chance to know, for six years he has worked in Norway shoe shop and boards at home.

Frank McKenney was at C. W. Shaw's Tuesday.

S. M. King is cutting ice this week.

SINGE POLE.—S. C. Shaw spent Christmas at home.

Herbert Jordan has a new horse.

Mr. Cotton of Mechanic Falls was at A. J. Smith's Tuesday.

Mrs. A. J. Smith was at South Paris the past week to visit her son Frank and wife.

A. O. Corbett killed a beef cow and two hogs the past week.

E. C. Benson and Horatio Murch start for Central America Jan. 2.

The storm of Friday night drifted the roads so badly that they could not get through and roads had to be made in the field in many places.

PORTER DISTRICT.—Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Bicknell are visiting their daughter, Mrs. C. A. Harriman at Brockton, Mass.

Mrs. Elizabeth Titcomb has returned to her home at South Paris.

V. D. Rawson has been having new windows put into his house. It has made quite an improvement. LINCOLN.

BRYANT'S POND.

There was a fall here of nearly eighteen inches of snow in the recent storm, and the roads Sunday were barely passable.

The Cantata Christmas evening at the Universalist church brought out a large crowd. "Santa Claus Mistake" by members of the school was an appropriate and entertaining piece for the occasion. The superior singing by Birdie Stephens was well appreciated by the audience. Thanks are due her for liberal assistance in the exercises. Two trees were fairly laden with presents. Rev. L. E. Pease of Boston, the late pastor, was the recipient of a valuable gift.

C. H. Adams is in New York completing a contract for a large order of chairs to be manufactured at once by the Bryant's Pond Steam Mill Co.

The Universalist society have recently had the interior of their church painted, papered and other repairs made. The work has been done in such a manner that it looks almost as well as new. The members have reason to be proud of their comfortable church. Geo. L. Stephens, who as janitor, has been prompt in looking after the church for the last four years without any recompense whatever, concludes this year to give up the keys to another. FRANK.

We are to be visited Wednesday January 14th, by the Rubinstein Club of Lewiston, who will give a concert at the Universalist church, George Lowell Tracy, director. The artists are Mrs. Agnes Walker Tracy, Miss Blanche Dingley, Miss Lousia M. Callahan and Mr. Fred Given. Music by the Rubinstein String Quartett will be one of the features of the entertainment. This will be a grand opportunity for our people to listen to the best talent in the state.

Frank A. Perkins of Andover will have charge of the grammar department of our school. The winter term will begin January 5th.

PERU.

Lots of snow and lots of blow.

Wilson Stillman has gone into the woods with his horses to work for Geo. Staples.

Mrs. D. W. Knight is at home from Mechanic Falls, where she has been at work.

H. R. Robinson is hauling hay from his meadow in Dixfield.

A. B. Walker and son have been getting out ash.

The Christmas entertainment at the church was successfully carried out and a good time was enjoyed by all.

A. F. Burgess has gone to Siberia to work in the woods. SPY.

BETHEL.

Samuel Holt is very low, and is not expected to live long.

Three feet of snow in the woods in the vicinity of Bethel, which we call a good beginning for the first month of winter.

Dedication sociable at the Odd Fellows new hall last Wednesday evening.

Major Hastings works the snow plough machine to good advantage in our village streets, making smooth, wide roads in the deep snow. A. M. True keeps the sidewalks in fine condition.

C. E. Benson & Co. will call at houses in the village and receive orders for store goods of all kinds, four days in a week, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, and deliver the goods the same day.

Brown Post, G. A. R., No. 84, and Relief Corps, No. 86, will give a social entertainment and reunion at Bethel House, on the evening of Jan'y 6th. Oyster supper at 8.30, ending with dancing at Ideal Hall. Music by Young's Orchestra.

J. G. Rich has moved back to his home in Greenwood, but will attend to pension and newspaper business on Wednesdays and Saturdays after 10 a. m.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.—Ladies' Aid met as appointed with Minnie Kimball. A nice supper furnished by hostess and a pleasant occasion.

Several in this vicinity had a family Christmas tree.

The Christmas entertainment at the village was a success. One little motherless girl living at the Maple Grove House sang alone "He will never send me away," also recited a poem, "At Christmas" composed by one of the Sabbath School teachers.

A. M. Carter is at home from Augusta for a while.

Charles and Ben. Kimball are cutting and drawing timber for Eben Kilburne.

Buck and Kimball are having two hundred cords of wood cut on the Cummings place.

Two spring pigs recently dressed at the Maple Grove House 620 lbs.

Mr. Williams, the teacher, went to Portland to spend Christmas.

C. C. Bean has sold his farm.

Mrs. E. L. Wilber is a guest at Maple Grove Cottage. E. P. K.

WELCHVILLE.

There was a Christmas tree and entertainment at the church in this place on Wednesday evening of last week. The trees were well loaded with presents and the singing and speaking was fine. The house was well filled.

At the house of Carl Shank there was a very pretty Christmas tree fixed up after the manner of Christmas trees in Germany. The tree was covered with fruit, nuts, and chains of different colored tissue paper, and at the end of each branch was a small wax candle which, when lighted, made it look very pretty. The presents were not put on the tree, but were placed on the floor under the tree and around the room.

The spinners and carders at the woolen mill having got ahead of the weavers are consequently working on three-fourths time for a while.

W. C. Bosworth has gone to Boston on a two weeks' visit.

Mrs. Georgia E. Cash, who has been sick for a long time, was very pleasantly surprised on Tuesday of this week, by the reception of a very nice easy chair, a Christmas and New Year's present from the members of Aqua Pura Lodge of Good Templars, of which she is a worthy member.

Lida Estes is visiting friends in Durham and Freeport.

Mrs. George Staples has been quite sick lately but is better at the present time (Wednesday.) HAMILTON.

WEST SUMNER.

We are pleased to learn that on Christmas eve at the Baptist church at Windsor, Vermont, A. D. Cotton, superintendent of the Sunday School, was handsomely remembered with an elegant silver tea service consisting of six pieces with these words engraved on it, "God bless our Superintendent."

There has been a Good Templars lodge organized here. They already have twenty-one members.

There were Christmas trees at both churches, nice times and many hearts made glad. There were some quite costly presents, one young lady receiving a nice gold watch from an uncle living in Conn.

George Noyes, a young man, on going to the barn one morning recently, found his mare dead. She got hung. Only a short time before he had exchanged his colt for the mare with his father. We learn a paper is in circulation for his benefit.

One day last week as Mrs. George Bisbee was clearing off the table, having tin dishes, knives and forks in her hands, she tripped on a mat and fell striking her upper lip against the front of a chair, cutting and bruising it pretty badly, also hitting the cheek bone, causing the cheek to swell from the lip to the eye, which was soon surrounded with a dark purple ring of some width. As she has to walk with a crutch it is a wonder she was not more badly injured.

Clara Cole has gone to Norway to be gone several weeks. We hear she intends to take music lessons while away. She will be much missed.

Aunt Nancy Ryerson is sick, confined to her bed. Mrs. Julietta Farnham is taking care of her. Mrs. R. is in her 86th year.

Mrs. Sames Hicks is sick with rheumatic fever.

The roof of Leonard Farrar's barn was quite badly injured by our recent heavy wind.

The days have begun to lengthen, but we hope the old adage that "the cold will begin to strengthen" may not prove true, as we think it has proved itself quite strong already.

O. G. Chandler is on the sick list this week.

Our county clerk, Mr. Austin of Paris Hill, with his wife was returning from a visit at Dixfield shortly after our first heavy snow and blow, when they finally after many a hard struggle reached Hiram Pulsifer's and were told they could go no farther, and were kindly welcomed to stop with him until they could. Mr. Pulsifer says he enjoyed their visit very much indeed.

The watch meeting which was appointed at Geo. E. Pulsifer's was held at H. L. Ryerson's on account of the ill health of Mrs. Pulsifer.

Hiram Pulsifer has bought a pair of very handsome two years old steers of Mr. Warner of Hartford.

SOUTH CONWAY, N. H.

There was another big snow storm and wind blow last week on Friday. It drifted the road in places very badly. If it keeps on this way it will take the men all the time to break the roads.

John Thoms and sons are doing a large amount of lumbering this winter. They have quite a lot of ox and horse teams on the road hauling lumber.

Mrs. Betsy Mills is quite sick. As she is quite an aged lady they are afraid she may not recover.

Wells Willey of Cotton's Mills, buried his baby last week. Its age was 1 year.

There was a Christmas festival at Centre Conway on Thursday evening, the 25th. The Centre Brass Band played for them. The members of it all have new instruments now and they think it will prove to be a very good band as each one takes an interest who belongs to it. They had a nice tree and singing and pieces spoken by the children. They also had an oyster supper.

Mrs. C. H. Willey had a Christmas tree at her house on Wednesday evening, the 24th. Four of the families in the neighborhood joined with her in getting it up. They had a nice tree well loaded with presents. There were two hundred and fifty presents besides bags of candy and pop corn. They all seemed to have a pleasant time.

The roads are still blocked up with snow quite bad so there is not much travel and news for the paper is liable to be a week late. W.

NORWAY CENTER.

There will be a lyceum at the schoolhouse next Tuesday evening.

Effie Green has gone to Lynn on a visit.

They are cutting ice at Gibson's Grove this week.

The roads have been drifted very badly this week. It took two days to break them out.

OXFORD.

Bartlett the jeweler will remain at home for two weeks. Watches at cost. He always makes this liberal offer after Xmas.

Marriage in Lovell.

Married on Christmas day at the residence of Silas Heald, Calvin Heald, the well known vocalist, to Maria Eastman, a lady of rare accomplishments.

After receiving congratulations of friends at a reception at the residence of O. E. Charles, North Chatham, N. H. the happy couple will resume their duties at that place. All of us in this vicinity (Lovell) heartily join the many other friends of Prof. and Mrs. Heald in wishing for them an abundance of the good things of this life with plenty of time to enjoy them.

Land Conveyances.

WESTERN.

Miss Annie Osgood, Register, Fryeburg, Me.

STOW.—James A. Bemis to James E. Hutchins, $86.00.

FRYEBURG.—Oren W. Osgood et al. to Chas. E. Smith, $10.00; Harrison McNeal to Cassius W. Pike, 75.00.

LOVELL.—Chas. G. Hill to Chas. E. Cross, $1.00.

HIRAM.—Albert Lowell to Hiram Gatchell et al., $400.00.

BROWNFIELD.—John W. Perkins to John Hodgdon, $1.00.

SWEDEN.—E. Warren Bennett to Richard E. Kimball et al., $300 00.

STONEHAM.—Annie B. Meader et al., to Horace Charles, $100.00.

Nothing in the Wide World So Good.

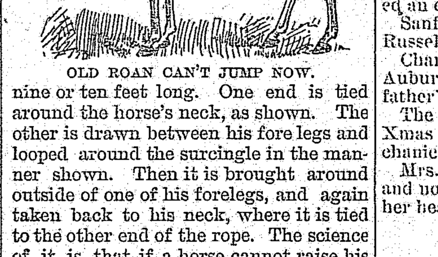
I was afflicted with Kidney disease. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.—I say it with perfect recollection of all that was done for me besides—was the only thing that gave me permanent relief. I have recommended it to many people for Kidney disease, and they all agree that it has not its equal for this complaint.—Lyman Crawford, Druggist, Springfield, Mass. 5

This Horse Cannot Jump.

Sometimes an old horse becomes vicious in proportion as he outlives his usefulness, as old men or women do occasionally. The aged quadruped develops a power of jumping that was never suspected of him in his younger days. He may lie down in the road if you want him to draw a load, he may persistently stumble and throw you over his head if you try to ride him, and seem so feeble that you are so ashamed of yourself you feel as though you ought to be carrying him. But turn him out in the field and the decrepitude disappears as by magic, especially if a neighbor has a fine field of corn or oats across the fence. The animal is a living witness to the theory of the mind cure people that weakness and disease exist in the mental state alone.

The old rascal will vault over that fence like a 2-year-old, and gorge himself on your neighbor's oats till he is fit to burst. One old horse like this will ruin a whole herd of colts and make them breachy like himself, and they never get over it.

For the especial trimming in of such horses, young or old, as show themselves breachy, the tether in the illustration has been designed. It is merely a rope



OLD ROAN CAN'T JUMP NOW.

nine or ten feet long. One end is tied around the horse's neck, as shown. The other is drawn between his fore legs and looped around the surcingle in the manner shown. Then it is brought around outside of one of his forelegs, and again taken back to his neck, where it is tied to the other end of the rope. The science of it is that if a horse cannot raise his head he cannot jump, and the rope is tied just tight enough to prevent his raising his head higher than the top of his shoulder; at the same time he can eat and drink freely.

Not by Wheat Alone.

President McLouth, of the Dakota Agricultural college, came out lately in a very plain spoken way against the idea that wheat growing, whatever may be its present attractions, can ever be a permanently successful system of farming. He says:

No trade or business can thrive which does not furnish employment more than one-quarter of the working year. The shoemaker of Lynn or the weaver of Manchester who is reduced to "half time" is in a precarious condition. What then could we expect of a Dakota wheat farmer who, with his teams, and his tools, and his lands, is reduced to less than "half time?" There is a law here as inflexible as gravitation. There may be rare exceptions, but they are accidental and temporary, and only go to prove the rule. Your farming must be such that when you cannot plow or sow or cultivate or harvest you can be employed with your stock. When your grain, or your roots, or your hay, or your fruit cannot grow, your cows, your sheep and your swine shall still grow and yield their increase. This is the philosophy of thrift.

DOG LOST! Long Haired, wavey on his back, color yellow, short legs, black nose, very dark brown eyes; will answer to the name of Tiger. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning same, or address Luther P. Winslow, South Paris. 1-3

BABBITTING! We have old type mettal which we are selling at 8 cents per pound for babbitting purposes. Call or address ADVERTISER, Norway, Me. 1tf

Bridgton Academy, NORTH BRIDGTON, MAINE. THE SPRING TERM OPENS Tuesday, January 20th, 1891. No school in the State has a better reputation. Attendance during the past year, *three hundred and thirteen.* *INSTRUCTION THOROUGH; LOCATION HEALTHFUL; EXPENSES LOW.* Excellent facilities for students of slender means. Send for catalogue and all necessary information. LLEWELLYN BARTON, Principal.

SWEDEN.

About one foot of snow fell Friday night. We hear no one now crying for more snow.

Williard Knight is to work logging for Jacob Smith.

Walter E. Gordon and Frank Wiswall are chopping pine timber for William Wiswall. They tend two teams, one span of horses each. Each team goes three trips a day. Walter says he wishes Mr. W. would put in another team as they have so much timber to dig out when there comes a snow.

Emma Knight is gaining slowly. Seth Knight, who was called home from Boston three weeks ago on account of his father's and sister's sickness, is still at home. His brother Edwin is also quite poorly. BLACK MOUNTAIN.

MASON.

The old year will leave us a pile of snow and blown in drifts which will cost quite an effort to make the roads passable. No meeting last Sabbath, the snow was so deep and the day so blustering.

A very pleasant evening for the Christmas festival but we didn't have our usual house full and the exercises were quite short. They failed to produce the expected cantata. There were some very excellent pieces. We had only one tree but we usually have two.

Walter Powers, wife and son went home to Newry Friday.

Nearly if not quite a foot of snow came Friday afternoon and evening, and Saturday and Sunday the wind blew and piled it up. It will take several days to get good roads.

Mr. Witham went to Hungerford Flat the day before Christmas and got Mrs. Cyrus Mills to stop with her sister, Mrs. S. O. Grover, who is quite poorly. Emma Mills, who has been visiting at West Bethel and Mason, went to her home at Waterford with Mr. W. so her mother could come to care for her sister.

The family and friends of J. C. Bean and wife intend to have a family and friendly gathering at their home Jan. 1st to celebrate the 50th anniversary of their marriage.

The lumber teams are busy drawing birch, poplar and spruce for pulp to West Bethel, also at the mill of A. S. Bean in Mason.

Mrs. Sarah Mason is more comfortable. She has been very poorly of late.

All agree on our street that it has never been drifted so badly since we lived on Maple avenue.

EAST BETHEL.

The Christmas entertainment Saturday evening was very interesting and the Christmas tree was heavily laden with nice presents.

Mrs. Mary Estes and her daughter, Etta Estes, have closed their residence and gone to Boston to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wight are now at home on a short vacation.

Mrs. H. H. Bean is spending the week at her old home in Rumford.

Alder River Grange will have their installation of officers and oyster supper, Jan. 3d, at the residence of W. F. Brown. Following are the officers elect:—Master, E. H. Young; overseer, J. H. Swan; lecturer, W. F. Brown; steward, C. M. Kimball; chaplain, M. S. Kimball; treasurer, D. W. Cole; secretary, Mrs. C. M. Brown; gate keeper, C. M. Brown; ceres, Mrs. J. H. Swan; pomona, Mrs. E. G. Young; flora, Mrs. C. H. Kimball; lady assistant steward, Mrs. C. M. Kimball.

Lyceum at the school-house Friday evening, Jan. 2d.

EAST BUCKFIELD.

Another snow storm, and they have worked on the roads two days and at this writing they are hardly passable.

The Dunn brothers have the job to cut the timber from the lot of land bought by Hersey and Parson's. They are cutting and hauling most of timber to the steam mill company. Charles Gammon is getting out timber and is preparing to put him up a shed in the spring.

Justis Mason has a sheep that last Feb. 20th droped a pair of twin lambs and raised one of them, and Dec. 26th droped an ewe lamb.

Sanford Lucas is at work for Daniel Russell in Sumner.

Charlie Record and wife are up from Auburn spending the holidays at his father's, Samuel Record's.

The widow Mrs. Wm. Morrill spent Xmas with her son and daughter at Mechanic Falls.

Mrs. Emiline Hodgden is slowly failing and not much hopes of her recovering her health again.

Keep Your Feet Warm.

And you will be happy. It can be done by buying a foot stove which will cost so little that it really does not pay to go without.

WM. C. LEAVITT, next Elm House.

The Governor has nominated Elijah B. Goddard of Bethel coroner and George A. Chandler, Sumner, justice of the peace.

N. G. Moors of Albany came to Norway last Wednesday and brought his two daughters and Joseph Cummings daughter. The girls are to work in C. B. Cummings & Son's pan-cake shop. S. W. Libby is thinking of coming to Norway to work through the winter.

A corporation to be known as the Oxford Land Company, with a capital stock of $100,000 (paid in $5.00) has been organized at Auburn for the purpose of dealing in real estate, lumbering and mining. The officers are: President, James Irish of Hartford; treasurer, George B. Staples of Canton. Certificate approved Dec. 24, 1890.

OTISFIELD GORE.

Fredric Roby Grange, No. 307, have elected the following officers for the coming year:

W. W. Andrews, Master.
L. T. Brett, Overseer.
Thos. Jackson, Lecturer.
George Durell, Steward.
E. G. Green, Asst. Steward.
P. C. Greenleaf, Chaplin.
Lillian Andrews, Secretary.
R. D. Gould, Treasurer.
F. D. Sawyer, Gate Keeper.
Mrs. Lizzie Caswell, Pomona.
Mrs. R. D. Gould, Flora.
Mrs. A. A. Andrews, Ceres.
Mrs. C. P. Greenleaf, Lady Asst. Steward.
Lena Jackson, Chorister.

NORWAY LAKE.

Now the days are growing longer, you see the cold is getting—Johnny get yer gun! The wood pile laid in for an open winter looks as if it ought to be protected. There is hope for us yet for we will soon be entitled to an old fashioned January thaw such as we used to have in our school boy days.

Benj. Tucker hauls water from the lake for his large stock of cattle. The cold December is freezing up the springs and the wells are getting low.

Dr. Haselton has contracted to have 70,000 ft. of lumber delivered on the spot for his house to be built in the spring.

Arthur Tucker, wife and baby took their Christmas dinner at Benj. Tucker's.

J. C. Saunders and wife visited at Woodbury Russell's on Christmas day.

Evelyn Bartlett has left Alfred Shattuck's and will spend the winter in Boston.

Colds and sore throats are prevalent.

NORTH BUCKFIELD.

Mrs. Luther Turner is very ill.

Walter Turner has been quite sick.

J. F. Bicknell has killed his little pig.

Dr. Gibbs of Livermore Falls, was at John Cressey's last week on a professional visit.

Gus Spaulding has got his ice in.

Chandler Damon and Henry Hersey are sick.

GILEAD.

A party of hunters from South Paris were in Wild river recently and captured five fine deer.

A. L. Cole is canvassing for "Vickery's Fireside Visitor" and "The Life of Christ." As he is a poor man with only one arm it is hoped that he will meet with good success.

A grand Christmas tree at the hall with exercises, etc.

Fannie Everett is back from Atkinson, N. H., on a short visit.

Miss Carter of Bethel was a guest at C. D. Manny's a few days ago.

Mrs. C. Whittier was down to Bethel over Christmas.

John Small is working for the Richardson Bros. in the woods.

W. H. Griffin's little girl has been sick with croup.

Walter Arkett has been hunting deer in this vicinity. MUNN.

A Midnight Scare.

Two lumbermen from hills of Maine,
Started home at an early hour,
The Xmas entertainment to see,
Then went to camp on midnight tour.

Weary and tired and out of breath,
As to camp they sped with heavy tread,
When Sam looked up to Dan and says:
"What in the Dickens is that ahead?"

With fists doubled up and staring eyes,
They perceived a monster on a little rise,
The animal looked so round and fat,
And Sam and Daniel felt so "skairt."

They walk along and did not speak,
But Sam's devil stirred not his feet;
After standing some little time,
They started on, Sam being behind.

His great long ears they chanced to see,
Long bushy tail, and legs had he;
He was red, striped, green and gray,
Still Sam had not a word to say.

Daniel with strength and courage fair,
Started for the fiend with standing hair;
While Sam behind, his heart in a flutter,
Wished he's at home with his good old mother.

When Sam had reached the devil's side,
He saw old frocks were used for his hide;
Then Sam began to rave and tear,
Because his men had placed him there.

And ha, ha, ha, rung out in the night,
Sam said to Dan, "we are not very bright."
Sam's courage then began to come,
He found his *voice* and began to hum.

Sam took the devil by the toe,
And up the hill did quickly go;
And then they came upon the camp,
And proceeded to light the lamp—
In came they with faces red,
To tell what a perilous night they had.

Young girls, don't wonder if Sam be missed
From Lodge meetings after this;
For to the Lodge he'll dare not go,
Bennett and Larribee scared him so.

EBEN R. BENNETT.

Gilead, Me.

FRYEBURG.

Marion Rideout from Bartlett, N. H., has been visiting at F. A. Wiley's on Smith St.

W. H. Jordan and family of, Portland, spent Christmas at Miss Howe's on Portland St.

Rev. Mr. Dennison from Andover, Mass., preached in the Congregational church last Sunday.

The Christmas tree in the Congregational vestry last Thursday evening passed off finely. A little entertainment consisting of music, recitations, etc., was followed by Mr. A. Merrill acting as Santa Claus, and distributing the many gifts, after which the young people enjoyed a little sociable.

At the residence of Col. E. C. Farrington on State St., Augusta, at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, occurred the wedding of his daughter, the gifted and favorite authoress, Margaret Vere Farrington, with Rev. William Farrand Livingstone, pastor of the Congregational church at North Abington, Mass., formerly pastor of the Congregational church of Fryeburg. The wedding was a private affair, only a few intimate friends and relatives being present to see Rev. Dr. W. W. Livingstone of New Hampshire, father of the bridegroom, perform the ceremony. Mr. S. F. Livingstone of Hartford, brother of the bridegroom was best man and Lucia Towle of Fryeburg, maid of honor. The bride was attired in a white crepe de chine gown with white veil. Among the friends from away in attendance was Miss Emma Grace Farrington, the famous New York soprano. At 8:30 there was a reception to which 100 invitations were issued. Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone will reside in North Abington. Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone's many friends in this place wish them prosperity and happiness in their new sphere.

W. W. Towle of Boston spent the holidays at his home on Portland St.

Lute Towle left Monday for Augusta, where she was to attend the wedding of Margaret Vere Farrington and Rev. W. F. Livingstone.

John Eastman has returned from Boston.

Rev. Mr. Livingstone from Hartford, Conn., spent Christmas at Dr. Towle's.

FRYEBURG CENTER.

Ed. Baker stuck a nail in his foot the other day and it is very sore.

Clint Cole is cutting timber for Charles Farrington.

Charles Farrington is building him an ice house.

E. Hawkins and wife have left E. W. Barker's, and have gone to Ashland to live.

T. S. McIntire is clerking at the Grange store.

Praymeeting at the school-house last Sunday night.

Walter Gordon had a very narrow escape from getting killed. He stuck his ax in a small log to lift it over a big one and the ax flew out, and the back of the ax struck him over the eye and cheek, inflicting quite a serious wound. It laid him out pretty strait, but he would not give up, so went to work again as soon as he came to.

There was a dance at O. E. McAllister's, last Thursday night. On account of so many Xmas trees around, there was only a small company present. Music by C. H. Wiswell, Cornet; W. H. Gordon, Violin; Mr. Gordon is one of our best players.

P. A. Bradley and wife spent Xmas at Portland, visiting friends.

Frank Wiswell cut his knee quite badly last week.

Ed. Pray is hauling timber for Wm. H. Wiswell.

M. M. Smart was at Lewiston last week.

Snow in abundance here in this vicinity.

Deep Snows.

Are upon us. How shall we get out? Buy a Snow Shovel. I have them now, have sold double the usual number but still have more. They are hard to keep this winter. I have a steel snow shovel that will last a life time and a wooden one that will not but the price fits each. Yours truly,

WM. C. LEAVITT, next Elm House.

SPECIAL SALE SATURDAY! And to continue every 2 weeks all winter from Saturday. Some of the articles I will mention:

Kerosene, 12 cents a gallon, or 55 cents in 5 gallon cans.
John P. Squire's Pure Lard, in bulk, 8 cents per pound.
Sugar, 15 pounds, $1.00.
Barbadoes' best Molasses, 40 cents per gallon; regular price, 50 cents.
Best Black Tea, only 48 cents; regular price, 60 cents.
Best Green Tea, 45 cents.
Best Ondara Raisins, 11½ cents per lb.
Also pure Cider Vinegar, *only* 20 cents per gallon.
Tripe, 7 cents per pound.
Also a full line of Tobacco and Cigars. Fruit, Confectionery and Canned Goods. Flour, Spices, etc. Remember the date!

EDWIN C. THOMPSON'S NEW STORE, BEAL STREET, - - NORWAY.

Bring in your Bills.

All persons having bills against the town of Norway for the current year—excepting this winter's snow bills—are requested to present them to the board of Selectmen, on or before Monday, January 26th, 1891. The Selectmen will be in session at the Assessors' room, Saturday afternoon of Jan. 3d, 10th, 17th and 24th. Per Order of SELECTMEN of Norway. Norway, Jan. 2, 1891. 1tf

SLIDE YOKES! All who are in want of a good slide yoke, call at H. L. LIBBY'S, Norway Village, Me., or address F. P. MORRILL, Norway Lake, Me. 1-4*

PEANUTS ROASTED EVERY DAY —AT— HOBBS' Variety Store.

Christmas is Sure To Come! —AND— C. N. TUBBS & CO. are equally as sure to have just the goods you want to make a useful CHRISTMAS PRESENT! Towels, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Underwear, Yarns; TEA, COFFEE, Flour, Molasses, Spices, Paints and Oils. Our delivery team is ready and the driver is willing to do your bidding. Call and See Us.

Must Be Sold! Sickness compels us to close out our business, and we offer our Large Stock of Dry and Fancy Goods! CHEAP for CASH. RAMSDELL & RIDLON, West Paris, - - - Maine.

NOTICE.

Non-resident taxes in the town of Porter, in the County of Oxford, for the year 1889.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the town of Porter for the year 1889 in bills committed to L. D. Cook, Collector of said town, on the 24th day of September, 1889, by his certificate of that date, and now remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given, that if the said taxes and interest and charges are not paid in the treasury of said town within eighteen months from date of commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will without further notice, be sold at public auction at Fox & Davis' office, in said town, on the 17th day of January 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Also all tax deeds held by the preceding town treasurer.

Bean, Levi H. est.—woodland lumber lot; Lot 45, Range D, 150 acres, valued at $135; tax $4.95.

Randall, Gideon H.—bounded north by road, east by road, south by river, west by J. Devereux, 1½ acre, valued at $100; tax $1.65.

Stanley, Wm.—pasture; north and east by road, south by W. T. Sawyer's, west by J. F. Towle, valued at $30; tax $.62.

Mason, J. C.—field; north by road, east by brook, south by road and land of B. Cousins, west by road, valued at $20; tax $1.58.

Pease & Danforth—north by land of Levi Cole, east by A. H. Blake, south by Levi Cole, west by W. F. Furbush, valued at $50; tax $3c.

Wakefield, G. W.—north by Brownfield town line, east by Wm. Cotton's, south by road, valued at $175; tax $1.72.

Tripp, Hiram—farm; north by M. Robbins', east by Hiram town line, south by A. W. Stanley's, west by road, valued at $400; tax $5.19.

McDonald, John L.—lot of land bought of Erastus Cole, valued at $175; tax $2.27.

Churchill & Wentworth—pasture; north by D. A. Colcord's, east by John F. Runnels', south by Wm. J. Libby's, west by road, valued at $325; tax $4.11.

W. O. MERRIFIELD, Treasurer of the Town of Porter.

1-3

REPORT

Of the condition of the NORWAY NATIONAL BANK (No. 1856) at Norway, in the State of Maine, at the close of business, December 19th, 1890.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts,	$175,801.47
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation,	25,000.00
Stocks, securities, claims, etc.,	950.00
Due from approved reserve agents,	27,240.29
Due from other National Banks,	11,342.73
Furniture and fixtures,	3,478.21
Premiums on U. S. Bonds,	5,200.00
Checks and other cash items,	1,537.58
Bills of other Banks,	4,692.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents,	18.23
Specie,	6,090.00
Legal-tender notes,	9,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, 5 per cent. of circulation,	1,125.00
Total,	$257,435.51
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in,	$100,000.00
Surplus fund,	17,100.00
Undivided profits,	458.59
National Bank notes outstanding,	22,500.00
Dividends unpaid,	3,107.05
Individual deposits subject to check,	109,317.71
Demand certificates of deposit,	5,256.11
Due to State Banks and Bankers,	9,096.08
Total,	$257,435.51

STATE OF MAINE, County of Oxford, ss.

I, H. D. SMITH, Cashier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. H. D. SMITH, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of Dec., 1890. CHARLES F. WHITMAN, *Judge of the Norway Municipal Court.*

CORRECT—Attest:
C. N. TUBBS,
H. M. BEARCE, } Directors.
W. H. WHITCOMB,

PLEASE NOTICE!

After this week, our many customers and friends will please remember that our Store will be closed each TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY evening, at 6:15, until further notice. At other times we shall be pleased to show in the future as in the past, our Large Stock of staple and seasonable Dry and Fancy Goods to all needing anything in our line. Thanking all for their generous patronage, soliciting a continuance of the same, and wishing you all a Happy New Year, we remain, Very truly,

S. B. & Z. S. PRINCE, 116 Main St., - - Norway, Me.

FRINGES! FRINGES! Elegant Styles —AT— Lowest Figures —AT— The Noyes Drug Store.

CONCERT —BY THE— RUBINSTEIN CLUB! GEO. LOWELL TRACY, Director, —AT— UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Bryant's Pond, January 14, 1891. —OPERA HOUSE,— Norway, Jan. 15, '91.

ARTISTS.
MRS. AGNES WALKER TRACY, Soprano.
MISS BLANCHE DINGLEY, - - Pianist.
MISS LOUISE M. CALLAHAN, - Reader.
MR. FRED A. GIVEN, - - Violin Soloist.
RUBENSTEIN STRING QUARTET.
FRED A. GIVEN, - - - - - Violin.
FRANK L. CALLAHAN, - - - - Violin.
GEORGE L. TRACY, - - - - - Viola.
G. C. WHITMAN, - - - - - Cello.

Tickets for Norway Concert for sale at Stone's Drug Store. Admission, 35c. Reserved Seats, 50c.

B. I. R. If you get Chilled, a little BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF in cold water will Quicken the Circulation and prevent pneumonia. Prepared by the NORWAY MEDICINE CO., Norway, Me. YOUR MONEY REFUNDED, If it fails to benefit you when used strictly as directed on the inside wrapper. Try it. Sold by all dealers.

Great Mark Down Sale —of— OVERCOATS! At F. H. NOYES' CLOTHING HOUSE.

We have marked down every one of our Overcoats, Men's, Youths' and Boys'. We have a good assortment to select from; all kinds, from the cheapest to the most stylish Dress Coats, and will give you a better bargain than ever offered before in the State. Our stock is too large to here give discription and prices, but want you to come and see for yourself. We will show you with pleasure. Also

Also Bargains in Ready-Made Clothing of every description; Fur Coats, Fur Caps, Leather Jackets, Over Shirts, Gloves, Mittens, Mufflers, etc. The *LOW PRICES* we are making will surely sell these goods. Give us a call.

F. H. NOYES, THE CLOTHIER, 132 Main St., - - - Norway, Me.

CLEARING SALE! WE HAVE Bargains in Dress Goods, Prints, Blankets, Hosiery, Gloves, Cloaks, and many other lines of goods which we wish to close, and are making low prices to do it.

Smiley Brothers, 187 Main Street, - - Norway, Maine.

SPECIAL NOTICE! On week beginning January 4th, we shall close our store, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—December 19th, A. D. 1890.

This is to give notice, that on the 29th day of December, A. D. 1890, a Warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said county of Oxford, against the estate of Leman W. Kendall of Bethel, adjudged to be an insolvent debtor, on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the 25th day of December, A. D. 1890, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed;

That the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, to him or for his use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law.

That a meeting of the creditors of said debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Paris, in said county, on the 21st day of January, A. D. 1891, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

ALVAN GODWIN, Dep'y Sheriff, as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford. 1-2

Mystery of Trevarrock

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

A tall, slight girl stood before them.

A sultry noon in August. The hot atmosphere seemed to quiver against the distant, low, dark hills; the small brook ran languidly through the dry, parched meadow—reduced to a mere thread. Not a soul was to be seen in the one narrow street, which is the whole of the sleepy little Cornish village of Trevarrock. Yes—one old woman was hanging out a fisherman's red shirt to dry on the gray stone wall before her cottage; a tabby cat sat at the gate, purring luxuriously in the sun.

The stranger, who had just crossed the rough bridge, looked round him curiously. He was a tall, stalwart man; lean, loose limbed, with a powerful rather than handsome face, clean shaven, showing a firm, somewhat stern mouth, and having a pair of deep set, blue gray eyes, which seemed to take in everything at a glance. He might have been almost any age between thirty and forty, and his crisply curling black hair was streaked with silver at the temples.

"Is this a city of the dead?" he said, addressing the old woman, who looked at him with curiosity—strangers were very rarely seen in Trevarrock. "You seem to be all asleep down here," he continued, with a laugh, "or to be taking things very easily."

"You're not from heresabouts, I reckon," said the woman, smiling in return, "or you'd know that all the men are at the pilchard fishing, and the women and children be mostly all down to the bay, to see the boats come in. Look 'ee yonder."

She lifted her brown hand and pointed towards the sea, and Harold Carrington, following its direction, saw on the broad, blue waters that lay under the horizon's rim a cluster of boats drifting landward.

"This is only a fishing village, then? There is no inn where I could get a lodging?" He looked somewhat dismayed down the tiny lane of houses.

"No, that there bain't. Old Ben Trebilco down yont"—designating a cottage, more dirty and dilapidated than its neighbors—"sells a drap of beer and sour cider, but he don't take in no lodgers," answered the old woman, in her soft, slow Cornish drawl.

"Is there no general shop, or postoffice here? Great heavens! what a place!" the stranger muttered, with ill concealed impatience.

"Oh, iss—I be the postmistress, and I keeps a morsel o' tea and sugar, and the like inside."

A glass bottle of red and white striped sugar sticks, and two moldy oranges in the cottage window bore out old Judith Penale's words.

"Well, then, I must trudge back to Penzance to-night—there's no help for it. And yet I should have been well content to stay here: it is just the sort of place that would have suited me. One could be perfectly hidden from the eyes of the world in such an out of the way spot."

A light step behind him made him suddenly look round. Judith, who was standing on the threshold of her door, dropped a courtesy, and her withered face lighted up.

A tall, slight girl stood before them, a rush basket on her arm. The color came into Mr. Carrington's face. He had seen many beautiful women in the course of his strange, eventful life, but none so beautiful as this one, who wore her shabby blue serge gown, with its patched elbows, and sun burned straw sailor hat as an empress might have worn her royal robes and crown.

She was no village Dulcinea or rustic red cheeked Queen of the May. No bloom graced the rounded outline of her face; but a rich, creamy pallor, pure as the heart of a white rose, contrasted vividly with a pair of glorious brown eyes, and the thick, dark hair lying in great lusterless waves above a brow low as that of Clytie. The mouth was perhaps a trifle sad and cynical in expression for one so young, the lips somewhat thin and compressed. But Harold Carrington saw no flaw in her almost perfect loveliness.

Involuntarily he raised his soft, gray wideawake, opening the gate for this apparition of beauty to pass through.

But Judith Penale stopped the girl, saying, as though struck by a brilliant idea:

"Why, dearie, maybe your'n the very one can help us."

She poured out Harold Carrington's difficulties, in spite of his gestures of disapproval, while the strange young lady gravely listened.

"It is quite true, what Judith says, that no lodging is to be had in the village. But if you like to wait here for a short time, I will go and speak to my aunt, Mrs. Trevylian. Perhaps she may be able to think of some plan."

The girl raised her large, dark eyes, and looked Harold full in the face as she spoke. They were strange eyes: deep, liquid and unfathomable, but there was no trace of shyness in their steady gaze. Her manner was calm and self possessed, almost too much so for one so young, he thought.

"I am infinitely obliged to you; but I am more than ashamed to give such trouble," he said, bowing courteously. "Can I not come with you, and so save you the return hither?" he added, apologetically.

"Oh, no; please wait here, if you don't mind," she responded, quickly. "No letters for us, Judith? Well, then I will be off."

With light and springy steps she crossed the bridge and was soon lost to sight.

Harold's eager questioning was anticipated by old Judith, who dearly loved a gossip.

"That's Miss Olive St. Maur, as handsome a young leddy as ever stepped, to my thinking. Her aunt, Mrs. Trevelyian, lives yont," pointing to a small white house, lying close to a fir plantation in the distance. "Miss Olive lives along o' she and Miss Madge, that's Mrs. Trevelyian's daughter. I've heer'd tell Miss Olive's pa got killed out to the Injies, and her ma pore young thing, died of grief or summat, anyway. Miss Olive—she warn't but a chiel then—came home to live with her aunt, who took to her and did for her the same as her own. So she and Miss Madge are like sisters, and share and share alike, though, poor souls, there ain't much for any on 'em I'm afeard. But Mrs. Trevelyian's a good, kind lady as ever was."

"Is she a widow?" Harold felt strangely interested in old Judith's garrulous chatter.

"Yes, chiel," using the quaint Cornish mode of address to man, woman or child. "She's been a widow this long while. Mr. Trevelyian, her husband, was passon down to St. Osyth's. He was a poor, sickly sort o' chap, mostly awandering about with his book larning and the like; he died when Miss Madge was a baby, afore Miss Olive came to 'em. Mrs. Trevelyian's father wor a kind o' gentleman farmer, and lived here at Trevarrock; but what wi' the land being poor, and his fooling away a lot o' money, thinking there was tin on it, he died wi'out a brass farden, except the cottage yont. The he left to Mrs. Trevelyian. Miss Olive was being dead, as was Passon Trevelyian died, she was glad enow to come and live in it; for folks say she ain't got more than'll keep body and soul together. Lor' bless you, chiel! I've known them, root and branch, these years and years. They were among the head folks about here once, but now they'm decayed gentry. There be plenty such in Cornwall—ruined by the mines and the badness o' the land"——

"Hush!" Harold lifted a warning finger, but as Olive St. Maur came up the narrow garden path the ghost of a smile flickering at the corners of her mouth told him that she guessed the subject of Judith's conversation.

"My aunt, Mrs. Trevylian, says that if you do not mind limited accommodation and very plain fare," with a rather painful blush, "she will be glad to take you in herself. We do not usually let lodgings, as Judith can tell you, but—but why, after all, mince the truth? We are poor, and glad of the chance of earning money. Think what you will of my candor, now you have the facts, pure and simple."

There was a passionate recklessness about the last words which gave Harold a sensation almost of pain.

Old Judith had gone into her little shop to serve two bronzed urchins with yellow saffron cakes.

"Believe me or not, as you please, I honor you from my heart for your frankness," he replied earnestly. "I, too, am a poor man; and though I have never been glad of it before, I shall be now, if it gives me a greater chance of becoming your friend."

The two were walking up the heather covered hill, side by side. Harold Carrington felt a slight twinge of conscience as he spoke; but, after all, was he not poor—unspeakably, wretchedly so in life's best gifts? What was money to one alone in the world—popularity, even fame—if there was no heart to beat in unison with his, no eye to brighten at his joys or shed a tear for his sorrows? Yes; he was poorer in these things than the miner who passed him and Olive just then on his way home from his work, and whose chubby children were scrambling up the hillside to meet him with shouts of welcome.

"Are you poor, too? I am glad of it, though you may think me selfish. I hate the rich—hate them because I envy them more than words can say. Why are life's fairest things so unequally divided?" she went on, with sudden anger. "It is a bitter, cruel shame."

Olive St. Maur's dark eyes flashed fire, and a red spot burnt on each of her pale cheeks.

"I dare say you think I am a strange girl to talk to you, whom I have barely known an hour, about such subjects. Well, I cannot help it. In the wilds of Cornwall one has not much chance of learning manners or acquiring the placid sang froid of the upper ten thousand," she added, with a laugh which had no mirth in it.

Harold felt by turns attracted and repelled by his companion. A strange girl! Olive St. Maur had spoken truly. He had never seen anyone so beautiful; her ironical, rather bitter words, had a piquant fascination, though they saddened him.

"Strange? Not at all," was his ready rejoinder, made with the ease of a thorough man of the world, used to its light fence as well as its more earnest combats. "Why should I think it, Miss St. Maur?"

"How did you know my name?" She turned quickly, darting a searching glance at him, then added rather petulantly: "Ah! I see. I thought as much. Judith Penale has been entertaining you with our family history. It does not matter, though. You know all about us now and there is no need of formal introduction or weary repetitions."

"Your words remind me that I, too, have a duty to perform. You do not even know my name, though you have so generously taken me upon trust. Let me introduce myself as Harold Carrington, of London. That sounds, I fear, only a little less vague than 'Mr. Smith,' of the last named locality. But it is nevertheless true. This," raising his gray sombrero, "as the Irishman said, covers myself and family. In other words I am that much-to-be-pitied being—a long, lorn old bachelor. So though I rarely go out of town, I have no fixed habitation there and change my quarters as I grow tired of them. Profession—"

He paused slightly and bit his mustache, as though finding himself face to face with some unlooked for dilemma. But unwittingly Olive helped him out of it.

"Oh, I guessed that directly I saw the letter case under your arm. I have seen a few of the same kind," she answered readily, laughing. "Nobody could have any motive for coming to Trevarrock but an artist: we are so far out of the beaten track. And even of these, think only three have ever found their way over from Penzance in all these years we have lived here."

An artist! Yes, perhaps he might with some truth call himself that, Mr. Carrington reflected, relieved. But he was not thinking of the small portfolio of sketches under his arm, though they were certainly superior to the productions of most amateurs.

"Yes, I am an artist," he answered slowly, "if I dare lay claim to the title. But it was hardly to sketch I came to Trevarrock. A college chum passed through it years ago. He really was an artist, in a far truer sense of the word, and may have been one of 'the gallant three' you mentioned, Miss Olive, though had he known how fair a presiding deity ruled over these wilds he would have received no courage to penetrate them," he added with a courtly smile.

Olive blushed and looked down. She had never been spoken to in this way before, and a thrill of pleasure passed through her. Then the revulsion came, spoiling all.

"He has not yet seen Madge. When he does, things will, perhaps, be different."

For the first time Olive nearly hated the thought of her cousin's delicate, wild rose face, with its large, innocent, hazel eyes and pretty dimples.

Harold Carrington, little dreaming of the effect his idle words were destined to produce, continued:

"As I said, I did not come here to sketch. I had been feeling unwell—overdone in town—and one day, looking over my friend's portfolio, I came across a study of those low, blue hills, with the wild sea dashing up to them, and a few scattered cottages lying close down by the beach. Somehow it stayed in my memory and fascinated me strangely. So, a va voila. But I own when I first tackled old Judith—before you so kindly came to my rescue—I heartily wished I had asked my chum a little more about the place."

"This is where my aunt lives," said Olive.

They had reached the cottage, which was built of gray stone, and was only a little larger than those in the village below. But it was covered with the glorious, crimson Virginia creeper, and its diamond latticed windows stood open to the pure breeze of heaven, showing glimpses of spotless, snow white curtains. The small garden was neatly tended, as though by loving hands, and old fashioned flowers bloomed in it, a blaze of color—hollyhocks, white, red and golden; tall blue larkspurs and large, deep cupped lilies.

"The realization of a poet's dream," said Harold Carrington; "a veritable paradise. Miss Olive, I envy you for having such a home."

"You need not," she returned, with a sharpness in her voice that jarred upon him. "Wait until you see how small and pokey and poverty stricken it is."

A tall, thin lady, dressed in black and wearing a widow's cap, came down the narrow path to meet them. She was refined looking and rather handsome in a somber, somewhat austere style, but her face wore an expression of sternness and her hair was white as snow.

"You are welcome, Mr."—— "Carrington," put in Olive, quickly. "Ah! Mr. Carrington, we shall be glad to let you a room and to do our best for you, if, as I charged my niece to say, our accommodation is not too humble to suit your tastes."

Mrs. Trevylian's tone was cold, but there was a straightforwardness and lack of affectation in her speech which at once told Harold Carrington he was in the presence of a lady.

No mincing allusion to "better days," or "merely to oblige," which a less superior woman would not have failed to make.

"It is very good of you to take me in. I feel sure I shall be comfortable here; the very look of the place is enough to tell me that—and my tastes are plain ones. I will, then, send over for my things to Penzance; they are at an inn there, where I put up for a few days," said Harold.

He saw that it would please Mrs. Trevylian better if he took a purely business view of the situation.

"I will manage that for you. Dan Penale, old Judith's husband, has a horse and cart, and will be glad of the job. Now, perhaps, you would like to see your room?"

At that moment a slight girlish figure, clad in white, fluttered to the cottage door.

"Mother, everything is ready." a clear, musical voice called out.

"That is my daughter Madge," said Mrs. Trevylian, turning to go in. "Madge, this is Mr. Carrington, our—our new inmate."

And as Olive St. Maur looked anxiously at Harold she saw in his glance what made her smile bitterly. Her forebodings were realized. He had admired her own wonderful beauty—but from an artist's point of view only.

Now he had seen Madge; and she knew, as truly as thought she could read his inmost heart, that he would never have eyes for her dark southern loveliness again.

"It is so with all of them," she said to herself, feelings of envy and jealousy thrilling through her. "Even that imbecile curate from St. Osyth's, who thinks it his duty to call here once or twice a year, and Willie Jago, the doctor's assistant—the only two men we have ever exchanged any words with—deserted me as soon as they had seen her. Yet, if I had money for proper clothes and such things as rich girls have, I would back myself against her any day."

But Olive St. Maur did not realize one thing—that a pure and lovely nature will make even the plainest face attractive, and will prove a magnet more powerful in the long run than the most dazzling beauty.

CHAPTER II.

A RED LETTER DAY.

A month flew quickly by. Harold Carrington had almost become one of the family at Hillcote, as Mrs. Trevylian's pretty cottage was called.

The widow liked him, for he was quiet, gentlemanly and unassuming, and gave little trouble.

Nothing would have induced her to break in on the privacy of her home by taking a lodger—or, rather, boarder—but that she was, at the time of Harold's appearance in Trevarrock, in sore need of money. She had but a hundred a year, and though, with rigid economy, she always put by a tiny sum each year, her small hoard had been lately quite consumed, and, worse, she was in debt.

Madge—her darling, the apple of her eye—had been severely ill with a lung attack the year before, and Mrs. Trevylian's slender purse was drained.

She had an overwhelming horror of debt, and day and night had worn herself to a shadow, thinking how the doctor was to be paid—and the wine merchant's bill, for the generous port he had prescribed.

And now, as a solution to the difficulty, Harold Carrington had come. It seemed almost like an answer to her prayer. He had insisted, in the most delicate manner, in paying his month's board in advance, and had doubled the very moderate terms Mrs. Trevylian had asked.

"Indeed you must let me," he said earnestly, in answer to her remonstrances. "Remember, I too can be proud. The change and rest in this lovely place are worth my money to me; and I am not content to enjoy them at less than their value."

But was there no other reason? Ah, Harold Carrington, beware! "Life is short; but art is long," says the proverb. Sketch book and colors had been laid aside. He spent most of his time strolling on the sands with the girls; helping Madge garden, or Olive attend to her numerous flock of poultry. An idyllic, halcyon existence. But was it the best, the most wholesome for him? His heart told him—no.

He, Harold Carrington, who had been courted, caressed by fortune, who might have chosen his wife from among the noblest and most beautiful women in England, was for the first time in his life—in love.

Madge Trevylian's soft, innocent loveliness, her flower like young face, with its timid, questioning expression and clear truthful eyes, had won upon him as the wiles of many a society Circe had utterly failed to do. And not this alone. Her gentle goodness and unselfishness, and, above all, perfect natural freshness, had for him a charm and fascination unspeakable.

With her cousin Olive it was different. True, he admired her still; but with growing intimacy he felt that the somber depths of her great dark eyes, black and soft as velvet, and the somewhat set lines of her chiseled lips, concealed things little dreamed of by those about her.

She reminded him of some beautiful, fierce wild animal—a panther or tigress—that had been from birth tamed, and might remain so, unless any occasion should arise to call forth its natural instincts.

"That girl has latent powers, of which she is herself ignorant; and intense capacity for love or hatred. I should be sorry to make an enemy of her," Harold thought one day, as he watched her, unobserved.

Mrs. Trevylian had spoken sharply to her about something. Olive did not reply, but turned hastily away, her face pale and lips set.

"What a splendid actress she would make, especially for tragic parts." Then an odd smile played round his mouth. "I mean an artist's model. A Jael or a Judith. I must ask her to sit to me."

But could he but have looked for a moment into Olive St. Maur's heart, bold man as he was, he would have hesitated before he told Mrs. Trevylian, as he did the day following, that he had determined to stay for another month at Trevarrock.

CHAPTER III.

SUSPICIONS.

Mrs. Trevylian never dreamed that there might be danger for Madge or Olive in their constant companionship with Harold Carrington. In her eyes he was a grave, middle aged man, with a reserve and staidness of character that was a safeguard in itself. Besides, had he not said often that he was a confirmed old bachelor, and jested lightly about love and marriage as things beyond his ken? She saw in his kindness to both girls merely the proof of a good heart and generous nature; he knew that it was out of her power to give them many pleasures, and therefore he did his best to make up to them for the extra trouble his visit must needs give.

One day Harold planned a picnic expedition to the bay. He wished to see the spot from whence the sketch had been taken that had tempted him to come to Trevarrock.

He had hired a small pony cart belonging to a farmer in the neighborhood, and had even persuaded Mrs. Trevylian to accompany her daughter and niece.

"We can ride and drive," he had said, laughing. "At least I will walk, and you ladies can take care of the provision hamper."

"Very well; but we will take care also to keep in sight of you."

Madge laughed from sheer joyousness as she took the reins.

"Oh, you won't have much difficulty in persuading the pony to do that. I will follow on. I just want to run into Judith Penale's and see if there are any letters for me," replied Harold.

The small basket car moved on slowly up the hilly street, with its gray, hoary cottages, their roofs overgrown with pink house leek and yellow stone crop, Madge, in her pretty holland gown and sailor's hat with red ribbons, acting Jehu. Mrs. Trevylian had unbent a little under the influence of so perfect a day, and leant back enjoying the unwonted luxury of a drive. Her faded face wore a smile, and the lines of care were fainter on her brow.

"Olive, I think you might have smartened yourself up a bit. It is a poor compliment to Mr. Carrington to have come out in that old blue serge. Not but what Madge is smart enough for the pair of you, and I don't know but that you were wisest after all," she afterwards added. "The dress you have on is quite good enough for climbing about the rocks."

Olive turned her head away, with a shrug of the shoulder and a sullen look on her handsome face.

"Anything is good enough for me, I know that well," she muttered. "Nobody cares how I look or how I dress."

She felt a savage delight in noticing the faded streaks where the keen sea air had taken the color out of her gown, and in knowing that her hat was old and shabby.

"A pauper, living on charity—that is what I am. And Aunt Trevylian does not scruple to make me feel it. It is well to be Madge; all the pretty garments and other good things of life fall to her share," she reflected moodily, not pausing to think how unreasonable she was.

Mrs. Trevylian, though she had a sharp tongue, was incapable of the petty meanness of which Olive accused her; and when once her niece suggested going out in the world to earn her own living she had negatived the suggestion with such agitation and vehemence as had almost frightened the girl. And as for Madge's clean, fresh dress, had she not, as Olive well knew, risen that morning almost before it was light to iron and do it up with knots of scarlet ribbon with her own dainty fingers? Her cousin had heard her singing blithely as a lark at her work, and had smiled with contempt at "the little it took to make Madge's simple heart happy."

Then a terrible light all at once broke in on her. How changed Madge was of late! She was always singing, laughing, or flitting about the house with so light and buoyant a step that she seemed the spirit of joy personified. The languor of her late illness had quite passed away; the rose bloom on her cheeks was brighter, deeper than ever, deepest when she was engaged in lively chat or joking argument with Harold Carrington, who treated her like a willful, attractive child.

He fancied his secret was known to none, but Olive had fathomed it; and more, had read in Madge's face what the girl did not herself dream of—that her heart had passed into the keeping of the handsome stranger.

And so on this glorious day, sunshine all around, and a sky blue as molten turquoise overhead, when all were gay and happy, Olive alone wore a mask. Outwardly serene and smiling, the demon of jealousy was ever gnawing deeper and deeper into her soul.

Harold Carrington came up the hill in long, swinging strides after the basket carriage. His white linen suit, with the ruby silk scarf tied carelessly under the open collar, set off his handsome and sun burned face and lithe, strong figure to perfection. He wore a solar topee, with a soft India muslin puggaree knotted loosely round it, and as he came toward the carriage he took off his hat and fanned his tanned face with it.

"The heat is quite tropical. It reminds me almost of the Brazils," he said, smiling.

"Were you ever in America?" Olive queried, flashing a keen look at him.

It suddenly struck her how little, after all, they knew of this man, who had become, with only a month's acquaintance, so thoroughly one of themselves; that it now seemed odd to think of a time when he had not been with them.

What they knew they had only his bare word for—and Olive had frequently noticed that he avoided speaking of himself or his past life; and if any subject was mooted likely to bear on these, he always adroitly direct it back into other channels. It was the case now, as she perceived.

"Oh, yes; America, as well as every other place of any note, and sick enough I got of them all. Miss Madge, I really believe that is a root of hart's tongue growing up there. I did not know you had it about here. It's a fine clump: let me dig it out for your rockery." His face slightly reddened, as he went to get the fern. Olive noticed this: also that he had evaded her question in his customary manner.

A creeping, strange suspicion, begotten of her own evil thoughts, kept coming into Olive's head. What if there should be some guilty reason for Harold Carrington's unwillingness to speak of the past? And why was he content to stay in hiding, as it were, in such a place as Trevarrock?

Olive busily pieced things together, as she sat silently in the back seat of the pony cart. The more she thought over it, the more she felt convinced that Harold Carrington had a secret. And this secret, she vowed to herself, it should be her business to unravel—let the results be what they might.

At last the party arrived at the bay, and the ladies alighted. Harold soon found a pleasant nook under the shadow of the gray rocks, where he spread a soft bearskin rug of his own for Mrs. Trevylian, who had brought her knitting. Olive also threw herself down beside her aunt, with a volume of Daniel Deronda.

"I must go and find some place to put up the carriage. Perhaps some cottager has a shed, of which we can secure the use. Miss Madge, will you come with me, and explore?" he said.

Would she come? Yes, only too willingly, as she would have followed Harold Carrington to the world's end had he bidden her do so.

Yet, though Harold loved her, he had no intention that she should guess his secret, at least then. There were many reasons why he did not wish to marry—why he deemed it almost impossible that he should do so. And Harold Carrington was an honorable man, who held old fashioned ideas.

No man, he told himself, had a right to speak of love to a girl unless he intended to ask her to be his wife. Yet for today at least he would be happy. Heaven knew that life had not as yet held much brightness for him.

He and Madge walked along over the shining, yellow sands almost in silence. One or two sea gulls dipped and circled over and around the pale blue gray waste of waters. The rugged crags, seaweed grown, loomed purple and red behind them. Here and there a ruined shanty, standing near enough to the sea to be bespattered by spray on a stormy night, gave token of human habitation, as did a long line of brown orange nets stretched drying on the shingle. One or two black old hulls of fishing boats lay high up beyond the sea line.

Harold paused suddenly.

"Yes, this is the place from whence my friend, Norman, took his sketch. A weird, wild spot indeed," he said.

"You would say that if you knew all the legends of the place. It was here that, in the old smuggling days, many a cargo was run ashore, and many a dark deed done. Tradition says that there are caves out round the headland which run miles under the cliff. I have often longed to explore them; but dare not without a guide; and the people about here are so rough and wild, one is almost afraid of them," answered Madge.

"Well, we'll have a look at them, one of these days, eh? What do you say Miss Madge? You would not be afraid to venture with me?"

"With you? Oh, no."

Madge looked shyly up at Harold. Her eyes had a strange soft light in them. Her companion had unconsciously laid a tender emphasis on his last words, which had thrilled her to the very soul.

"I do not think I should be afraid to go anywhere with you. Oh! Mr. Carrington, if you only knew how different our life has seemed since you came! How much we shall miss you when you go away," she added, sadly.

Strange words for a girl, and terribly unconventional, no doubt. But Madge was innocent as a child, and accustomed to speak all that was in her mind without fear or reserve. This was her chief charm in Harold's eyes.

"Shall you? Well, Madge, do not think harshly of me if I am selfish enough to be glad that you will miss me—just a little."

For the first time her name, without its formal prefix, slipped from his lips, and his voice trembled a little. But he soon recollected himself, and he was not vain enough to place undue value on Madge's words.

"I am not gone yet, Madge," he said, cheerily. "Let us enjoy the present without dismal forecasts. See! here looks a likely place for our object. Let us board the finest descendants of wreckers and smugglers in their lair."

They had come to a thatched cottage, weather beaten and discolored by the salt spray of many storms, yellow with the lichens of ages; built, it seemed, in the very face of the cliff. A rough kind of shed stood by its side.

Madge recoiled, laying her hand on her companion's arm.

"Not there—anywhere but there!" she cried, her face paling, to his great surprise.

"Why on earth not? My dear Miss Madge, you don't suppose there are really any desperate characters now among these simple fisherfolk? The profits are too small and the dangers too great, nowadays, I assure you."

"Do not knock," she persisted, looking quite scared. "Mad Dinah Retallack lives here. She is a dreadful old woman; every one fears her. She has the evil eye, and is a witch. Oh, Mr. Carrington, please come away!"

To be continued.

She Resigned.

"You see how it is, my dear," he said, taking her soft hand which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly. "I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear—and we shall have a struggle to get on at first."

"I don't mind that in the least," she interrupted, stoutly, rubbing her cheek softly against his hand.

"And," he pursued, graciously having allowed her interruption—"we shall have to come down to strict economy. But, if you can only manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"And how does your mother manage, dear?" she asked smiling—not very happy—at the notion of the mother-in-law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover, indistantly, "but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat and she does it all herself, you know! So that we always get along beautifully, and father and I still have plenty of spending money. You see when a woman is always doing her laundry work and her errants done and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove-blacking done, and all that sort of thing—why it just walks into a man's income, and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath was also inclined for a vacation; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and, being one of the stout-hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things about John's mother, so went to her house for a long visit the very next day. Upon the termination of this visit, one fine morning, John received, to his blank amazement, a little packet containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:—

"I have learned how your mother manages, and I am going to explain it to you, since you confessed you did not know. I find that she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired man, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and a patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardner, and a general slave for a family of five. She works from five in the morning until ten at night; and I almost wept when I listened her hand, it was so hard and wrinkled and corded and unkissed! When I saw her polishing the stove, and carrying big buckets of water and great armfuls of wood, often splitting the latter, I asked her why John didn't do such things for her. 'John!' she repeated, 'John!'—and she sat down with a perfectly dazed look, as if I asked her why the angels didn't come down and scrub for her. 'Why—John!'—she said in a trembling, bewildered way—'he works in the office from nine until four, you know, and when he comes home he is very tired; or else he goes down town.'

"Now, I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a manager as your mother. If the wife must do all sorts of drudgery, so must the husband; if she must cook, he must carry the wood; if she must scrub, he must also carry the water; if she must make the butter, he must milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything, and all that you have to say of her is that she is an 'excellent manager.' I do not care for such a reputation unless my husband earns the name also; and judging from your lack of consideration for your mother, I am sure you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I would care to marry. As the son is, the husband is, is a safe and happy rule to follow."

So the letter closed, and John pondered; and he is pondering yet.

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The newspaper has become the one important channel of communication between the business man, and the public. Everybody reads the newspaper, and the newspaper thus brings trade to the notice of all.

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Ernest Milliken, Mrs. Mary Morse, 2

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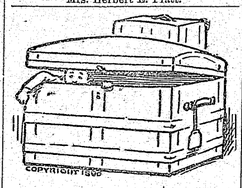

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It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, sold through druggists, (no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar,) because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

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The first Iron Steamship was built in 1830.

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Ask your dealer to let you try on some of the

WALES Goodyear

Lumbermen's Boots. They are making some 3 Buckle goods, that are worthy of your attention. Don't forget the word WALES *when asking* for them.

HAPPY

are the results which follow from the use of this wonderful remedy. The fears which so quickly come to every home when a dry, hoarse cough is heard from some member of the family, betokening an illness with possible if not probable serious lung affection, are soon dispelled.

That there

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nothing offered to the general public so safe and so sure, so bright, clean and palatable as this remedy, is the verdict of

THE

public, from Kittery to Caribou, and Calais to Yangeley, and all parts of our commonwealth. Everywhere it has become as popular as at home where the sale exceeds that of all others combined.

HOME

made and home used, that is the banner which we hang upon the wall and take a great deal of satisfaction in. For

WHERE

can you find a remedy so popular at home as is

SYRUP PIX LIQUIDA

COMPOUND?

IT HAS BECOME THE RELIANCE of the afflicted. Made only by the

Auburn Drug and Chemical Co.,

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For sale by all Druggists. 5-1y

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

CURES Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Asthma, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption Speedy and permanent. Used for fifty years.

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Wonderful Flesh Producer.

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

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PALATABLE AS MILK.

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$3.00 $2.50 $2.00 FOR LADIES $2.00 & $1.75 FOR BOYS $1.75 FOR MISSES

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and other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, etc., are warranted, and so stamped on bottom. Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by W. A. FROTHINGHAM, South Paris. CEYLON ROWE, Bethel.

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FREE to every man, young, middle-aged, or old. Send 6c. postage paid. Address Dr. H. Du Mont, 381 Columbia Ave., Boston, Mass.

Wyer the Scout.

His Famous Exploits during the Early History of our State!

THE notable Falls at Lewiston furnish the most valuable water-power on the Androscoggin River, except at Rumford.

A legend is connected with this waterfall, which, though often related in bygone years, still may be of interest to a portion of our readers.

Just prelous to the French and Indian war, a family named Wyer, living somewhere near the seaboard, was murdered by the Indians, with the exception of one son, Joseph, who chanced to be absent. When he returned and found his home destroyed and no family connection left, he was for a time partly bereft of his reason. This he regained after a time, but he fell into a kind of melancholy, making no conversation with anybody, but intent on killing every Indian that came within reach of his rifle, which is described as a most formidable weapon, of great length.

He spent most of his time in the dense forest, living on what he could catch, and whenever he got a pop at an Indian he would exultingly exclaim: "There goes another of the accursed race."

As a scout and spy this equal was probably never known in all New England. In stature he was tall, gaunt and muscular, with the eye of an eagle. He was lithe as a panther, and bounded through the forest with the ease and grace of a deer. In sagacity and cunning he was more than a match for the most wily Indian, his brilliant intellect giving him still greater advantage.

At that time the town of Brunswick had become quite densely populated, and was considered an important trading-post. Many fine farms had been cleared, and the inhabitants had quietly settled down to business.

The Androscoggin tribe had held a council, and decided to make a raid on the town, and utterly annihilating its inhabitants, burn every building to ashes, and thereby annihalate the entire town. By some means unknown Wyer became appraised of their intentions, and being conversant with all their habits and customs, was well prepared to act. The first thing was to provide himself with a large bottle of rum, with which he hied himself to the vicinity of Lewiston Falls. Here he lay in ambush, awaiting the approach of the warriors on their mission of death and destruction. Soon after dark he descried a light above the Falls, at the head of the rapids, on a large flat stone. With his rifle at a trail, he sped on. Here he found a lone Indian in the act of building a signal fire, to appraise his fellows of their approaching the rapids, as of course they must disembark here and carry their frail canoes around the Falls.

Wyer cautiously approached the Indian and well knowing his love for the fire-water, at once presented the tempting bottle. By smooth words and gentle manners he soon gained his entire confidence, and drink after drink was urged upon the unsuspecting savage, until he had the satisfaction of seeing himself rolling to the ground in a drunken slumber.

Wyer lost no time in extinguishing the signal fires, which he re-kindled below the Falls. He then returned to watch the sleeping Indian, and await the approach of the warriors. But his waiting was not long. They soon appeared, gliding swiftly along, impelled by a powerful current, for it was early in the spring-time, and the river extremely high. Their number was never known, but there were many canoes filled with warriors, all in high glee and gaily bedecked with war-paint and feathers.

They approach the rapids. Wyer stands close by the sleeping Indian, lest he may awake and give the alarm.

Anon an alarm was sounded from the foremost can

NORWAY SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to attend meetings when in town.

NORWAY LODGE, F. & A. M., No. 18., meet in Masonic Hall, Monday evening, on or before full moon. S. S. Stearns, W. M. H. D. Smith, Sec'y.

NORWAY LODGE, No. 16, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Tuesday evening. G. J. Brown, N. G. E. F. Smith, Sec'y.

WILDEY ENCAMPMENT, No. 21, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month. H. F. Ames, C. P. C. G. Mason, Scribe.

NORWAY MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF MAINE, I. O. O. F. Annual meeting 3d Monday in January. A. S. Kimball, President. A. ... Sec'y.

HARRY RUST POST No. 54, G. A. R., meets in Ryerson Hall on the third Friday evening of each month. Amos F. Noyes, P. C.; B. G. Barrows Adjt.; A. P. Bassett, Q. M.

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 36, meets in Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, on or before full moon. E. F. Smith, H. P., H. D. Smith, Secretary.

NORWAY COMMANDERY, No. 247, U. O. G. C., meets at Ryerson Hall, 2nd and 4th Thursday evenings of each month. N. A. Trafton, N. C., ... Cummings, R. ...

PENNESSEEWASSEE LODGE No. 18, K. of P. meets in their hall, Hathaway Block, every ... evening. T. L. Heath, C. C., G. G. ... K. of R. & S.

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Attorney and Counselor,
Hathaway Block, (1-ly) Main Street.

HENRY UPTON, Norway, Me.,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
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Work may be left at A. J. NEVENS' Store, Main Street.
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All work done in first-class shape, at reasonable prices. 50tf

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The Photographer.
Fine Portrait work; all leading styles; Views of residences, Groups and Parties to order.
Bethel, Me. Branch at West Paris.
Will be at West Paris first Monday in each month and remain one week. 15-1y

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Good Milk And Honest Measure.
In want of Milk, speak to the driver.

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Especial attention given to the survey of village lots. Grade and Levels of streets and sewerage established. Plans and Specifications of building lots made at short notice.
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Goods promptly delivered. Honest weights and measures.
Old Bakery Store, - Norway, Me.

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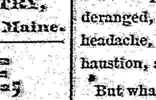
The house is newly furnished throughout. Steam heat and electric lights.
Prices reasonable and patronage solicited. 2tf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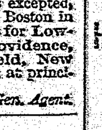
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BUY THE
Dirigo Spring Tooth Harrows,
O. K. Swivel & Level Land Plows,
Manufactured by
F. C. MERRILL, - - South Paris, Me.
See Ad. March 28th. 15tf

ANY ONE
Having Cattle for Sale
will find it to their advantage to call on or write to N. A. Trafton, Norway, or J. M. Philbrook, Bethel, Me., before disposing of them. New Milch Cows a specialty. 49-20

Wait, for I'm Coming
Monday or Tuesday; again Friday and Saturday, with Fresh Pork, Pickles, Boiled Cider and Sauce, Vegetables, Apples. Will furnish best quality Stove Wood. Have for sale Shoats. Pullets; two-years-old Bull and Cow; Boar for service. Wanted a man to do chores; small wages given.
These to be sold at the lowest prices.
WALTER S. BUCK, Norway, Me.

Two or three dollars for a 5/A Horse Blanket will save double its cost. Your horse will eat less to keep warm and be worth fifty dollars more.

F. A. RUSSELL, Andover, Me.,
Sells the above Blankets, also Harnesses, Robes, Whips, Combs Brushes, Trunks, Valises, etc.
NEW WORK and HARNESS REPAIRS done to order.
Fur Overcoats at Lowest Prices.

Norway in the Forties. No. 111.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Solomon Isaiah Millett known to All Norwegians as "Sol. I."

Few people have lived in Norway any great length of time during the last quarter of a century without having heard of "SOL. I." He has been a character in his bailiwick for many years. He stands six feet in his cow hide boots, and as squarely on his feet as the pyramid of Cheops, is as straight as his goadstick, and is evidently as vigorous as many a man at fifty, though he wants but five of having lived eighty years in this troublesome world. His face is browned and his locks are grey with exposure and the passing years, while his aged cap, farmer's coat and weighty boots are of the style of the Norwegians of the years of the Forties.

The stranger within our gates, noting for the first time his sturdy tramp up Main St. while busy with his farm work, with his dilapidated clothing, his fringed frock and ancient pantaloons might well suspect him an estray from the Yagger farm; but should the same stranger be in need of a few thousand ducats that sturdy tramper under the dilapidated cap could accommodate him,—but the security must be good!

"The preacher in his silken gown
Is not so well at ease,
As he with collar lopping down
And patches at his knees."

Up the Lake road and across Crockett's bridge two miles or more he owns a fine farm with a large, ancient two-story house upon it; while in the village at the parting of the roads, where the King's Highway turns to the ancient Cape of Paris, near where the jolly "Major" (MILLETT) lived and died, he has made him a home where he lives in content and peace supervising his farm and clipping his coupons when they become due.

He is an incessant worker, frugal, saving of the cents, careful of the dollars, and makes all the end pieces count.

His deliberate walk through the village these biting Christmas days, looking coolly to the right and left to note the comers and goers and catch the news, with the big northern sending cyclones through his grey whiskers, and his careless unconcern at the fussy zero weather, remind one of the pictures of the old Puritans in the early Colonial days.

Of his religious belief I cannot report for lack of knowledge, but of his political opinions there can be no doubt. He is an old-fashioned Jeffersonian democrat. He nailed his colors to the mast when a boy and they will never come down in this world. He declares he has grown young and increased in weight since the Nov. elections this year, and the Scribe is of the opinion that those who have known him many years may be inclined to believe his saying true.

All people know, who know anything about it, that Norway is a strongly intrenched republican town, and on more than one occasion in the past when there has been barely breath enough in the "outs" to cry mercy, Sol. I. in his long frock and heavy underwear has led the "forlorn hope" once more to battle, and so long as his grey locks were seen fluttering in the storm and smoke of the conflict, the "unterrified" felt that all was not lost.

It is not that he is so much of a partisan that brings him always to the voting place, but he feels that the ballot is a part of his citizenship and it is his duty to vote thoughtfully and intelligently, whenever voting is being done. And therein, says the Scribe, lies much good sound sense.

Close in business, careful in trade, conscious of his own integrity, he cares little for the speech of the dudes and the fashionables. And yet he values highly the good opinion of his fellows, of the sober and thoughtful in the community, those who judge of men by their own words and deeds, and not by the color of their coat or the feathers in their cap.

Solomon Isaiah Millett was born in Harrison on April 16, 1816. He is of the opinion (?) that he was called Isaiah in memory of the old Jewish Prophet of that name.

When eight years old he was attending school at Otisfield Gore, in the original school house in that district, that stood down near the brook, a third of a mile or so below the present brick one. Jacob Bradbury of Norway, was one of his teachers there.

From there he came to Maj. MILLETT's in the village, where he looked after the chores, run errands and attended school six years. The next two years he was with old pioneer John Millett, from whence he travelled to the northerly Millett neighborhood to "Colonel John's" where he was domiciled until the spring he was eighteen, which would be in 1834. During that summer he worked for various parties by the day, making fair weather, at fifty cents per day—that being the highest wages paid for an ordinary day's work.

In the fall of '34 he was at Bridgton Academy, and at the town school in Harrison during the winter. The next two years (1835-6) he helped construct the Sebago lake canal, after which to Col. John Millett once more for five years, until the Col.'s house was burned, which was on the 18th day of March, 1842. In that fire Solomon I. lost a valuable watch and all his property, including his clothing with the exception of an old suit he had on at the time. That was in 1842 and he was twenty-six years old. The savings of eight years of hard work disappeared and he commenced life once more.

He borrowed ten dollars of Benj. Tucker, jr., the father of Cyrus S. of our village, and went to Boston, and drove a heavy truck team for Frederick Pope for seven years, which brought him to the memorable gold year of Forty Nine. The ten dollars was returned to Tucker out of the first money he earned in Boston. He commenced work for Pope March 28, 1842, just ten days after he was burned out at Col. John's.

Rumors of the great gold find in California reached Boston in the winter of 1848-9 and the excitement ran high. The Mexican war had been fought a few years before and that truly wonderful country, California, had fallen into the lap of Uncle Sam. The Spanish Catholics had wandered up there from Mexico, some seventy-five years before and established their Missions in various localities up and down the coast.

There were no lines of steamers then running to California. The first vessels to ply on the Pacific were at that time on their way around Cape Horn; and on all steamers running to the Isthmus all berths were engaged six months ahead.

Rather than wait that length of time, Mr. Millett with three others took a sailing vessel to Porto Bello, on the South American coast, some distance below what is now Aspinwall. They hoped to find some means of crossing from there to the Pacific and were then expecting to find some vessel there bound for the gold fields. But they were disappointed. There was no way of crossing at that point, so the vessel came up the coast to Colon at the mouth of the Chagres river. They were twenty days from Boston in reaching that point.

They hired natives to take them twenty miles up the Chagres river to Gorgona. From that point they went on foot over thirty miles to the ancient walled city of Panama, on the Pacific, each man carrying fifty pounds weight of baggage and provisions, hiring mules to take the remainder. They took provisions enough as they supposed from Boston to last them through.

They were delayed three weeks at Panama. The first two weeks they lived in tents outside the city. Here they found many men waiting for a passage to California.

They found passage at last with about three hundred others in the old Scottish bark Colona, at two hundred dollars each.

So many passengers in so small a vessel made it necessary to put into every port on the way up for water and provisions. They were just one hundred days from Panama to San Francisco, which brought them into July (1849.)

The old Colona with its freight of three hundred men sailed into the wonderfully beautiful Golden Gate in the morning, and the men took boat for Sacramento that afternoon.

San Francisco was then a collection of canvass huts, dropped upon the beach and upon the hillside without form or order. He does not remember seeing a single wooden building there.

Hiring such mules as they could and loading themselves with the remainder of their luggage they tramped immediately to the north branch of the American River. Here they cut trees and made "cradles" to which they fitted the iron "pans" they had brought from Boston. There they worked with some success "panning" and "cradling" until Dec. following, when they returned to Sacramento and formed a company of nine to go to Redding's old dry diggers, three hundred miles to the north.

On foot, with mules for provisions and general outfit, they traveled over an unknown country, uninhabited excepting by digger Indians and the miners wilder if possible than the Indians, following a trail only, until they reached their destination. Here their luck was bad. Six of their number soon became sick and discouraged and returned, but Millett, Benj. Soule and William Curtis determined to push on further.

They returned as far as the Yuba, and then pushed on up that river, over the mountains and through the gulches, sometimes with a trail and sometimes with none, for a hundred miles. Here they found, as they thought, a good place for the winter. But soon the rains set in, and in a short time the whole country was flooded with water.

They waited three weeks for the floods to subside, but they increased rather, and in the mean time their provisions failed, and none were to be bought. Food was worth more than gold and silver.

They left picks, shovels, tents, in fact everything excepting what they could carry and with three broken down mules and two horses started on a three hundred mile tramp through the wilderness for Sacramento. They were three weeks in performing the journey. Rivers that were dry when they went up could only be crossed when they came down by swimming. They lost all their horses and mules, and were glad indeed, and fortunate, to reach the city themselves alive.

Sacramento at that time was but a collection of canvass tents and hovels, with a few scattering wooden buildings. A large share of the people were comers and goers—moving, floating, rushing hither and thither, just where the latest reports of a gold find would carry them. Neither women or children were there, all men, men in the prime and vigor of life, pushing, crowding, jostling, each intent on making his fortune right away, and with little regard as to who lived or died in the fight.

Eight years later the scribe was in San Francisco, then a city of 80,000 inhabitants, when the "Frazier River" fever broke over the city. It was like the coming of a whirlwind. Two men had come down from the bars of the river and exhibited their bags of gold dust. Men lost their heads immediately. All the sailing and steam vessels that could be chartered were advertised to start for the north as soon as they could be got ready. And men worked day and night and Sundays to do that. Old hulks that had been laid by for repairs and were scarcely fit to sail on the land-locked bay in a ten mile breeze were loaded with a thousand men and sent outside the Gate and up the rough and stormy Oregon coast.

For a few weeks, perhaps months, business was really obstructed in the city for want of men to attend to it. But in time the excitement abated. The gold hunters began to return. And in two years the history of the Frazier River crusade was written. The few came home rich, the many much poorer than when they left. Where one man made a dollar, many men lost many dollars.

Two years later the "Washoe" fever came down from the mountains and took the city by storm. Human nature had learned nothing from previous "storms" of a like sort. Poor men, with families at the east, left certainties of three to five dollars a day in gold, for the great uncertainties of the new diggins. But hope always sprang eternal in the breast of the California gold digger.

That winter (1849-50) Millett spent in Sacramento at work for an Englishman by the name of Brannan, who had moved an old abandoned brig along the bank as a receiving ship, and also kept a restaurant in an old canvass tent on the shore.

Millett slept in the tent in a "bunk" as all of the more fortunate ones slept in those times. During the winter reports reached the city of wonderfully rich diggins on Trinity and Shasta rivers five hundred miles or more to the north. Millett and some Boston friends proposed to try them so soon as the rainy season was over. Towards spring they were getting together their outfit. Millett had secured two mules, and to save them from thieves, hitched them beneath his tent, to his bunk, in such a way as to know if they were disturbed.

Now the American River enters the Sacramento just above the city, almost at right angles with the main river. On ordinary occasions it is a quiet river enough, but may become a rushing, roaring torrent on short notice if the great floods trouble it too much.

Such an occasion happened one night while Millett was sleeping with one eye watching the mules. The American river broke its banks and swept over the city of tents and all that portion on the lower land laying back from the levee, was taken full possession of by the whirling waters. And even on the higher land next the Sacramento river, the water came up in Millett's tent until he was obliged to find refuge in the topmost berth of the bunk, some five feet from the ground. Here he perched for nearly three weeks before the floods subsided. In the mean time desolation and disorganization reigned supreme. Meals were served, as may well be supposed, under great difficulties.

When the waters had abated, and the tents had been gathered from the debris of the floods, and the city had become a dwelling place once more, fire caught on the tarred covering of some tents during a gale of wind, and in a few moments half of the place had gone up in smoke. At the first alarm Millett, without stopping to put on vest or coat, caught his mules, and with all possible speed found a place of safety for them.

Before he could return Brannan's restaurant had disappeared, and with it all of Millett's personal effects, including his vest which contained gold dust stitched into the lining. Millett lost everything but the old rags in which he stood, and his mules. For the second time in this life fire had snuffed him out!

We will go to Trinity with him next time. Christmas 1890.

Under the Snow.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

The gray old earth lies cold and still,
Under the snow;
The rocks and fields are hid on the hill,
Under the snow;
There's a lone grave in a darksome grove,
Under the snow;
There are eyes that beamed with trust and love
Under the snow.
There are lips now hushed in death's cold chill,
Under the snow;
Grand resolves that nought but death could still,
Under the snow.
Other graves will, ere long, lie deep,
Under the snow;
And we, with the still, cold forms shall sleep,
Under the snow

FRANK A. PERKINS.

South Andover.

Upton, B, in the Twenties. No. 2.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

BY P. S. BEAN.

The widow Josiah Jackson, who married Joseph Chase, had two children, a boy and a girl. The boy's name was Josiah and the girl's name was Philena. They had several other children. I do not remember their names now. I remember Chase. He was a tall, dark complexioned man with a scar under his right eye caused by a cancer being cut out.

There were several settlers living on the Manwell hill, as it was called, at that time. John Manwell lived there at an early date, also a man named Dustin just east of Manwell's. A man named Webber lived west of Manwell. Beyond Manwell there were several openings at an early date.

About 1829, Joshua Small, Isaac and John Small settled on the north side of the hill. They came from Barden to B.

A brother-in-law of Joshua Small took land near to him. His name was James Maxwell. He was from New Portland, Me. Also a man named Webber from Barden, settled near Small's. He was no relation to the other Webber on the hill. On the other side of the road from Manwell, John and Hugh Douglass bought a place and moved there.

Hugh was a blacksmith. He made the first axe I had. He was at father's, Daniel Bean, jr's., getting some wood work done and I was chopping wood with father's axe. He told father I must have a boy's axe for that large one would kill me. The next time he came over to father's he brought me a light axe. Father put in a handle and I turned the grindstone to grind it. The hammer marks were on it and it was very thick on the edge, not much like the axes of to-day all polished and sharp ready to chop with.

James Douglass and two other brothers of John and Hugh, I have forgotten their names, came the next year after Hugh did. Before Hugh Douglass came to B the settlers had to go to Andover to get their blacksmith work done. That took two day's time besides their expenses.

Parson Gould frequently came to B to preach missionary sermons. He always stopped at father's. I remember him well. He would take me on his knee and trot me and tell me stories. He wore knee breeches with silver knee buckles and long stockings and shoes with silver shoe buckles, and a wig and he powered in the old English style. He would call for a glass of good old Jamaica spirits as soon as he came into the house, then another before supper and a night cup before he went to bed. That meant a bowl of hot rum punch. The first thing in the morning a glass of rum, another glass before breakfast and another before he preached his missionary sermon. Preaching was held in father's house in those days. Another glass after he had preached his sermon.

He would tell stories of his college days, how they would get hams, chickens and geese. He told one that I remember well, how they took a tavern sign and had it in their room intending to replace it again but the landlord had the college searched to find his sign and they had to burn it. It being against the rules of the college to enter the room of a student while they were at prayer, when Gould and his room-mate heard them coming to search the room, he locked the door to his room, stood with his back against it and began to pray and his room-mate began to whittle the sign and throw it into the fire, splitting off large pieces as he could with a jackknife. Gould kept on praying until he saw the last piece go into the fire. Then he wound up his prayer with these words:

"O thou wicked and adulterous generation, thou art seeking for a sign but no sign shall be given thee until the sign of the prophet Jonas be revealed in clouds of fire in the sky, amen."

The room was searched but no sign was found.

In the spring of 1828, father moved to West Bethel and left his family living in one room of Lawson Mason's house. Father and Uncle Josiah Smith went to York state to locate if they liked the country. They came back in the fall and father moved back to B again.

In February, 1829, on the 17th, my brother Albert D. was born. On the 15th it began to snow and blow and kept up until the 18th. The snow was drifted above the top of the door and window on the south side of the house. Father had to cut a passage through the drift. He had to go out the door on the north side and get around to the south side and shovel through the snow to the door and window.

In the summer of 1829 old Indian Williams and his squaw were crossing the lake from Mataliuk Point to the landing next to B. As they passed the first point, about half way to the landing, they saw an old cow moose and calf swimming across the arm of the lake not far from them. Williams gave chase after them, soon coming up to the moose. Old Williams jumped overboard with a cord to tie the moose calf with while the squaw fought the mother with her paddle to keep her from injuring Williams. He made the cord fast to the calf and towed it to the landing. The mother followed a short distance and turned back swimming to the side of the lake she started from. Williams sent his squaw up to John Swett's while he staid with the calf. Swett went to the landing with his oxen and cart and brought the calf home. Swett bought the calf from Williams for ten dollars in trade out of James Bragg's store at Andover Corner. Swett kept it until it was nearly two years old then sold it for fifty dollars. It was sold afterwards to a party for one hundred and fifty dollars and was taken to Boston, Mass.

During the summer of 1829 Mataliuk and his two sons, Parmayillet and Wilumpa were often at father's and grandfather's. When Mataliuk went to Andover and Bethel to trade, his two boys came over from the point with him and take the canoe back to their camp and then come over to meet him on his return to B. If he did not get back on the day they expected him they would stay until he got back to B. He was very prompt, generally on time.

In 1827 Esq. Adams, the agent of the owners of B Township, brought up a young woman to B to teach a missionary school. The school was kept in grandfather Bean's barn back on the hill about twenty rods south-west of the house. She used the barn floor for a school room. We had slab benches for seats. I think she taught about a month and was taken home sick and died after a short illness. She boarded at father's while she taught the school. I think she was some relation of Esq. Adams.

The next school was taught by Anna Smith of Newry in the summer of 1829. That spring the settlers built a rude school-house, the frame just covered with rough boards and a board roof and rough board floor and slab benches and board writing table in front of the large scholars and a low slab bench in front for the smaller ones. They sent father to get a teacher. I think he had a talk with Miss Smith about teaching school in B and she had promised to come if he came for her. Father went for her and she rode on the horse behind him as was the custom then. She was an aunt of mother. She boarded at father's and helped mother with her work before and after school hours, also gave me lessons in spelling, reading and writing. Afterwards she married uncle Sargeant Bean and moved to Bethel.

I first learned to write with a pen on thin sheets of birch bark with a goose quill pen and ink made from soft maple bark and copperas with a small addition of sugar to make it stick. It would shine after it was dry. I used to study my spelling lesson by the light of the fire on the hearth of the fireplace at night, during the winter, there being no school, but my lessons were going along all winter. Miss Smith attended to my studies during her stay in B.

What would some of the children think now of having to endure such inconveniences to get their schooling? I think they would think that it was a hard task to endure, but we were all satisfied then. I look back with pleasure to that time.

IT IS A MISTAKE

To try to cure catarrh by using local applications. Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It is not a disease of the man's nose, but of the man. Therefore, to effect a cure, requires constitutional remedies like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, expelling the taint which causes the disease, and imparting health.

Letter that Explains Itself.

SNOW'S FALLS, Dec. 24, 1890.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ADVERTISER: Your regular correspondent of this place is away. She took with her a young man and has gone to parts well known to spend the holidays. I propose to use her quill while she is gone and see that you and your readers do not look in vain for items from Snow's Falls.

You and your patrons seem to have a relish for local items, and you thrive on them as you now have the largest number of weeklies that are received at this office.

BETHEL.

GROVER HILL.—Teaming is the order of the day here now.

Thos. Maybery has lost his horse Fanny.

B. J. Peaslee has swapped horses. He has a chestnut filly this time.

Mrs. May Bartlett, who was recently quite ill, is better.

Bertha Browne is at her brother Allison's in Gilead.

Mr. Maybery recently fell across a watering tub and injured himself quite badly.

Alvah Wheeler and family have vacated Mrs. Lyon's rent.

A. B. Grover's gray mare is again able to work.

The 18th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Randall Cummings became the happy parents of a little daughter (the twelfth child.)

A. J. Peaslee has a twelve pence or one shilling bill dated Oct. 16, 1778. He is also the possessor of a pair of solid gold sleeve buttons that came from England 200 years ago. Said buttons have descended to the eldest male heir in the Peaslee family now through five generations.

We think Mrs. A. B. Grover had fine success with ducks this year. She bought and set 12 eggs, nine hatched all of which she raised.

The Journal says:—A new feat is to be credited to Mr. Oscar F. Whitman, the College street man in Lewiston who lifts tables by mere contact and who does the most wondrous feats without difficulty. Mr. Whitman had a caller the other day who was asking him what he could do. Mr. Whitman modestly related. The caller seemed to doubt and Mr. Whitman said, "What would you say if I should strike that table with my bare hand so hard as to break it?" "I should believe all the stories you have told," was the reply. Mr. Whitman then lifted his hand and struck the table once lightly and again with much force. The table was broken in three pieces and there was one sceptic less. Mr. W. has shut down on exhibitions of his powers and will entertain no more in the displays of his mysterious force.

We do not claim that for raising buckwheat cakes and for ... blood ... purposes Brussels soap is as good as yeast, but for "raising" a nice clean wash upon the line, "it takes the cake"—in fact, all of them.

NEWRY.

Don Smith is quite a butcher and is in great demand too. He did the butchering last week at Nathan Baker's where they killed seven hogs in one day.

Frank Bisbee's wife and little son came from Rumford to spend Christmas at E. B. Knapp's.

We learn that there was quite a Christmas tree at Mr. Knapp's, Mrs. Danforth making many pretty and useful presents. Mrs. Danforth herself received a handsome cloak and cape for Christmas from her husband. She will go soon to meet him at Berlin. They are thinking of making a Western trip.

B. Smith has sold his cattle to Orrin Ellenwood.

Mrs. L. A. Powers and son spent a few days with her parents at Mason.

Christmas was observed here Wednesday evening at the M. E. Church. A good time and plenty of presents for all.

There came quite a snow storm here Friday night. The wind piled it up as it came.

Husband and Wife

Have more than once been saved by the timely use of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, after all other remedies have been tried in vain. The Balsam stops decay of the lungs and cures influenza and acute and chronic coughs. There is no other medicine in the world that acts so promptly, certainly none that does its work so thoroughly as Kemp's Balsam. All druggists sell it. Large bottles 50c. and $1. (cow)

One of the most remarkable lists of famous contributors ever brought together in a single number of a magazine will be presented in the January issue of The Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia. The authors in that number will include Henry M. Stanley, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ex-President Hayes, Hon. John Wanamaker, Joseph Jefferson, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Madame Albani, James Whitcomb Riley, Gen. Lew Wallace, George W. Childs, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Robert J. Burdette, Edward Bellamy, Will Carleton, Charles A. Dana, Sarah Orne Jewett, George W. Cable, Julian Hawthorne, Mrs. Lyman Abbott, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, and nearly twenty others.

The Greatest Sufferers in the World.

Are women; their delicate organization being particularly susceptible to derangement and disease. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., purifies the blood, invigorates the system, and fortifies it against the disease incident to age, climate and season. It is the best medicine in the world. Keep it in the house for your children's sake as well as for your own. 5

Henry Whitelow of Bolster's Mills has had a pension granted.

It is said that Major H. A. Shorey, of the Bridgton News, is to be the future weigher and gauger at the Custom House.

It is practically hard to make a serviceable 2 Buckle Lumbermen's Boot. Those who would like to wear a pair had better follow the suggestions made in the peculiar "ad." on page 3.

The most beautiful frontispiece ever produced in an American magazine, appears in the January number of the Cosmopolitan. It is a reproduction in colors of Francois Flameng's famous picture "The Cake Seller," and can scarcely be distinguished from the imported photogravure which is exhibited in the dealers windows, at the price of $7 a copy. It is one of the most charming of subjects, and is well worth framing and preservation. The Cosmopolitan has become noted of late for its frontispieces and this very much exceeds its previous efforts.

Mr. John V. Noyes, who died at Oxford, Wednesday, was born in Minot, where he spent his early years. He went to Boston, where he served quite a number of years in the police service. About twenty-five years ago he settled in Auburn, where he lived until four years ago when he purchased a small farm in Oxford where he has since lived. Twenty years ago he united with the Court street Free Baptist church in Auburn and was a worthy member at his death. He was much interested in music and usually taught singing school winters. He was for a number of years a leader of Court street F. B. choir. A daughter, Mrs. Hackett, lives on Lake street, Auburn, and a son, Willard Noyes, lives in Auburn.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

WILSON'S MILLS.

Mrs. D. C. Bennett is slowly gaining.

Edgar Brooks is so as to be around the house and his sister Rule is sick now.

Peddler Murphy has been up with his usual assortment of goods for Christmas trade.

Mrs. R. A. Storey is on the sick list. Hortense Wilson is staying with her at present.

On account of the bad going, school closed at the middle school-house December 12, taught by F. G. Flint.

Percy Ripley is sealing for those that are putting in small lots of timber on the river for the Berlin Mills company.

Another snow storm and a fearful blow, is about all the stirring there has been for the last three days.

It Does Not Talk But Works.

"It can't talk, and therefor it don't gossip. It is always ready for work, and will do more in less time than any other of its kind I ever saw. It is sweet and clean, and as for wearing out, why it lasts wonderfully long." Thus spake a very neat housekeeper, as she sang to a friend the praises of Brussels soap. The groceryman has it, and once you buy it, you will henceforth take no other.

EASTFORD.

A. D. Park of this town has charge of the Livermore Falls High School this winter. Mrs. Park is with him. Their house is occupied by Betland Carey and wife.

A. F. Corliss has recently completed the foundation and lower frame work for a nice barn.

Charlie Berry's new house is a nice one.

THERE IS ONLY ONE.

There is only one Swift's Specific (S.S.S.), and there is nothing like it. Do not be deceived by the numerous imitations, substitutes, frauds, etc., which are being pushed on the public by persons whose desire to make money on the credulous. S. S. S. is a distinct medicine, is different from any other remedy. It must not be classed with the old worn out potash, mercury, sarsaparilla, thousand-doses-for-a shilling articles, which are advertised, as it is not at all like them. S. S. S. cures by eliminating the poison from the blood by its action on the skin, and never fails to give relief and build up the health of the patient. Our treaties on Blood and Skin Diseases will give much valuable information, and will be mailed free to applicants.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

A. C. JONES,
SMITH AND MACHINIST!
South Paris, Me.
Manufacturer of general machinery, steam engines, mill work, spool machinery and tools, bolts, set screws, taps, dies and drills made and repaired, sewing, mowing & threshing machines, pumps of all kinds, presses, guns, pistols, &c., neatly and promptly repaired. Steam and water piping done to order. (1y*)

BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE.
GORHAM NORMAL SCHOOL.
Next term begins Jan. 27, 1891. Text books and tuition free. First rate board at very reasonable rates. One of the best schools for real, thorough professional or practical training. For farther particulars apply to W. J. CORTHELL, Gorham, Me. 52-1y

F. A. THAYER,
Undertaker and Funeral Director,
South Paris, Me.
Embalming done if desired. Full line of Undertaker's Furnishings kept constantly on hand and sold at reasonable prices.
A call on T. G. Goodwin will receive the personal attention of F. A. Thayer. 17

Miss Libby
—PHOTOGRAPHER,—
Finest Work! Lowest Prices.
Norway, - - (45tf) - - Maine.

C. L. HATHAWAY,
—DEALER IN—
DOORS, WINDOWS AND BLINDS!
Norway, Me.

DR. F. E. DRAKE,
DENTIST!
95 Main St., - - Norway, Me.
Ether, Gas, and local anæsthetics for painless extraction of teeth. 42tf

GEO. H. SMALL,
House, Sign and Carriage Painter.
Orders will receive prompt and personal attention, and work done at a reasonable price.
Papering, Whitewashing and house decoration a specialty. Shop and office over Haggett's, on
Cottage Street, - - Norway, Maine. 45tf

Figs, Dates, Nuts, Confectionery
Fruit & Groceries,
—AT—
NEVERS - - Norway, Me.

D. C. PHILBROOK
Has taken one of the twin stores next to Seth Walker's and will carry on the
Watch Business.
Solid Gold and Silver Cases; all kinds of Watches for sale. Silver and Plated Ware ordered at short notice. Particular attention paid to Repairing and all work warranted.
Bethel, Me. 51-

G. M. PACKARD,
Millinery and Fancy Goods!
Norway, Me.

Administrator's Sale.
By virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate for Oxford County I will offer at public or private sale at the office of the subscriber in Norway Village, on Tuesday, the 27th of January, A. D., 1891, all the real estate owned by the late Charles Walker, being a stand at Norway Lake, about ten acres of land, the Cheese Factory and lot, also 40 pine trees near the house of Albert Coffin.
ALFRED S. KIMBALL, Admr.

GOOD HORSE For Sale; weighs over 1050 pounds; 9 years old, good on the road or to work. Apply to Mrs. E. L. Bennett, North Norway, Me. 51-1*

FREEDOM NOTICE.

This may certify that I give to my son, Wm. A. Emery, jr., the remainder of his time to act and trade for himself; and I shall claim none of his earnings, neither pay any debts of his contracting after this date.
WM. A. EMERY.
Witness—F. W. SANBORN.
Norway, Dec. 23, 1890. 52-2

OXFORD COUNTY LOAN ASSOCIATION.

What we have been doing.
We have been doing business nearly three years.
We have never lost one dollar by bad debts, or in any other way.
We have met every obligation of the Association.
We are ready to prove this.
We have sold every bond in series A, amounting to $50,000.
We are now commencing to sell series C, of $50,000.
We are under the supervision of the Bank Examiner.
We invite your attention to our methods of doing business.
We have $200 and $500 bonds constantly for sale.
We know our securities to be absolutely safe.
Call and investigate.
S. B. LOCKE, PRES'T, West Paris, Me.
H. D. SMITH, TREAS'R, Norway, Me. 17

$2.00.
The cheapest coat in the world is the U. S. A. regular infantry blue overcoat with cape half lined. We sell in lots of 5, 10, 25, or 100 to Bands, Firemen, Sons of Veterans, G. A. R. Posts, Teamsters, Lumbermen, and others. Single coats sent by express on receipt of cash; $2.00. We have no extra size. Discount of 10 per cent. on lots of fifty or hundred. 51-1
G. W. SIMMONS & CO.,
OAK HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

HOW'S YOUR LIVER?

And the question is well put, for when the liver is deranged, you suffer all the miseries imaginable: headache, nausea, constipation, depression, exhaustion, and feel tired of life generally.

But what joy you feel when nature, aided by the proper medicine, takes a fresh start, the circulation grows stronger, your appetite is keen, and you take pleasure in exercising.

The right remedy is "L. F." Atwood's Medicine, a scientific combination of blood purifying ingredients, acting at once on the stomach, liver and circulation, giving you a new lease of life.

You make no mistake in using the old reliable "L. F." 35 cents; all dealers.

HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
Horse Blankets, Wolf Robes, Wool Robes, Plush Robes, as well as Harness, Whips Trunks. Valises, etc., etc.
Prices to fit everybody. It will pay you to call.
CYRUS S. TUCKER,
Norway, Maine

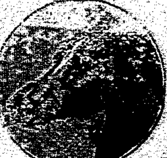
DRESS GOODS!
SAMPLES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS IN AMERICA.
Dry and Fancy Goods.
Write to us, stating the goods desired, and we will send you samples by mail, free, with width and price marked on each.
Goods not proving satisfactory, may be returned and money refunded.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
LIBBY & LARABEE,
246 Middle Street,
PORTLAND, - - - MAINE.

PORTLAND TO BRIDGTON
IN ABOUT TWO HOURS!
Via Maine Central and Bridgton and Saco River Railroads.

	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Leave Portland. (M. C. R. R.)	8.45	1.05	6.15
Arrive Bridgton	11.00	3.18	8.32
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Bridgton, Leave	6.10	10.05	5.40
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Portland, Arrive	8.30	12.15	7.55

J. A. BENNETT, Supt. B. & S. R. R. R.

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL!
LEWISTON, MAINE.
College Preparation a Specialty.
Full Classes and Thorough Work. Location Most Healthful and Quiet.
Students have access to five Libraries. Lectures, Etc. Fall term begins August 26, 1890; winter term, Dec. 9; Summer term, March 24, 1891. Expenses low. Send for catalogue and circulars to the Principal.
41-1y I. F. FRISBEE, A. M.


I will have a load of Canada Horses every Wednesday, and be at home the last four days of each week until further notice. Connected with the Telephone.
JONAS EDWARDS
Auburn, Maine.

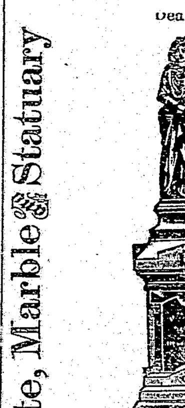
FRED I. FARWELL,
—DEALER IN—
Steel, Initial and Rubber Printing Stamps,
Plain and Fancy, Christmas and School
—CARDS!—
INK, NOVELTIES, Etc., Etc.
All orders for Christmas Goods must be in by Dec. 12, 1890. Good Agents Wanted.
FRED I. FARWELL, 44tf BETHEL, ME

LIVE BAIT For Sale, in quantities to suit purchasers. Call on "Hard" Cummings, at the mill. 47tf

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?
If So, Use the Kellogg, Oil, Paint and Varnish Company's
Pure Mixed Paints.
These Paints are guaranteed by the manufacturers and agents to be strictly first-class and free from adulteration of Barytes or Paris Whites; also that they will not fade, crack or peel, if properly applied.
The basis of the paint is a combination of White Lead and Zinc, which is conceded by all painters to be more durable than either if used alone, but its greatest advantages consists in the superiority of aged Linseed Oil, which is used.
Please note that while we claim this paint to be unexcelled, if equalled by any other, we are enabled to offer it at a much lower price, and guarantee it as represented.
We have in addition to the above a superior
FLOOR PAINT
in various size and colors; also a genuine
Linseed Oil Iron Paint,
made expressly for painting barns, roofs and other work requiring a durable and wearing paint.
PRICES.
Kellogg's Floor Paint, per gal. $1.20
Kellogg's Aged Linseed Oil Paint, per gal., 1.35
Genuine Linseed Oil Iron Paint, " " .80
Special price on large lots.
LOCAL AGENTS:
Ramsdell & Hollis, West Paris.
A. M. Chase, Bryant's Pond.
G. R. Wiley, Bethel.
J. P. Johnston, Dixfield.
G. W. Hobbs, Norway.
S. E. King, Welchville.
Durell & Hawkes, Oxford.
S. P. MAXIM & SON,
General Agent for Oxford County.
South Paris, - - - Maine.

H. K. ALLARD,
Custom Tailor,
HAS JUST RECEIVED A
New Line of Samples
—FOR—
FALL & WINTER.
FITS guaranteed and prices reasonable.
REPAIRING and PRESSING done to order.
CALL AND SEE ME AT
Next to Elm House, in store formerly occupied by Harry Lane.

Mrs. HILLS
Invites you to call at her Store and examine her Stock of
MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.
Norway, Maine.

WHITNEY BROS.
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Granite, Marble & Statuary


Granite, Marble & Statuary
Importers of Scotch Granite, Italian Marble and Statuary Figures.
Retail Dealers in Quincy, Clark's Island, Oak Hill, Hallowell, Black ..., Red Beach, Bay of Fundy ... Concord Granites.
Home Office and Marble Works:
Bethel, - - - Maine.

Two or three dollars for a 5/A Horse Blanket will save double its cost. Your horse will eat less to keep warm and be worth fifty dollars more.

Largest assortment of Blankets, Fur Robes, an Whips in town; Horse Boots, Bandages, Brushes, etc.

Harnesses at all price. Light and Heavy Harnesses, made to order in any style to suit customers.

44tf E. H. YOUNG, Bethel, Me.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of December A. D. 1890.

SARAH E. MORSE, named Executrix in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Edwin A. Morse, late of Norway, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

ORDERED, That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Advertiser, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

52-2 GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD COUNTY.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of December, A. D. 1890.

On the Petition of B. F. Bradbury, a creditor, for the appointment of some suitable person as Administrator on the estate of Angelia F. Lunt, late of Oxford, in said county, deceased;

ORDERED, That notice of the forgoing petition be published for three weeks successively prior to the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1891, in the Oxford County Advertiser, printed at Norway, in said county.

52-2 GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

SPECIAL PRICES
THIS WEEK!
50 Doz. Goblets, in a variety of patterns, 49 cents a dozen.
Hobbs' Variety Store.

Diaries and Almanacs!

New Year Cards and Booklets.

F. P. STONE, Norway, Maine.

Union Supply and Jnuking Co.

There are times in every ones life when it becomes necessary to make
A MONSTROUS DECISION!
And have you ever given any consideration how much money you can save by becoming one of our direct order customers? If not, let me tell you that the
PROPER DECISION OF THIS QUESTION MEANS
Lower prices than you have been getting.
The BEST GOODS the Market Affords!
A Guarantee of Satisfactory Goods!
This is an important matter for you to decide upon, so please give us a trial.
— U. S. & J. Co., —
E. W. EASTMAN, - - Manager

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of December, A. D. 1890.

ELBRIDGE G. GAMMON, Administrator on the estate of Alice L. Gammon, late of Norway, in said county, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Advertiser, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

52-2 GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest. H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of December, A. D. 1890.

ALFRED S. KIMBALL, Administrator on the estate of Freeman P. Horr, late of Waterford, in said county, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Advertiser, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

52-2 GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—ATTEST: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

A. J. VERRILL & CO.'S
Marble and Granite Price List
FROM NOW UNTIL MAY FIRST.

These prices include the work all lettered and set on your lot in the cemetery:

A $75.00	Monument for		$65.00
$100.00	"	"	90.00
$125.00	"	"	110.00
$140.00	"	"	125.00
$150.00	"	"	135.00
$175.00	"	"	150.00
$200.00	"	"	165.00
$250.00	"	"	200.00
$55.00	Tablet	"	45.00
$45.00	"	"	40.00
$40.00	"	"	35.00
$35.00	"	"	30.00

This Tablet at $30 is the best bargain ever offered for the money. A cut of $2.00 each on all headstones costing about $8.00.
We have work that cost more or less than the above prices which we think will pay you to call and see. Remember the place,
A. J. VERRILL & CO.,
101 Turner St., - - Auburn, Me.,
RELIABLE DEALERS.

CABINET PHOTOS
—FROM THE—
Hearn Studio, Portland.
I can now furnish Cabinets finished at above Studio, the finisher whose work took first premium at State Fair, as the best in Maine.
PRICE—20 Cabinets for $3.00 cash, or my own finish, $2.50. With either, you get the Oil or Crayon portrait premiums.
CHASE, Oxford.

J. T. ROWE has a brand tobacco that pleases many of his customers. It is called the "Spear Head." If you hav'nt tried this tobacco, you should. It suits the taste of some customers when other brands fail. Mr. Rowe has many kinds or grades of "the weed" to select from, and those who are particular in their choice, should call: Hathaway Block, next to the drug store.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of December, A. D. 1890.

ALFRED S. KIMBALL, Executor on the estate of Stella F. Holmes, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Advertiser, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

52-2 GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.
A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that a certain negotiable promissory note, dated at Brownfield, Dec. 4th, 1890, wherein the subscriber promised F. W. Thoms, or order, the sum of thirty Dollars and interest on demand, was, and is without lawful consideration; and the payment of the same will be resisted by the subscriber. FRED T. FOGG.
Dated at Brownfield, Dec. 17, 1890. 51-1

Mitchell's Belladonna Plasters.
Endorsed by every physician as a sure cure for Pain or Weakness in the Breast, Side, Back or Limbs; also for Liver Complaint, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Pleurisy, difficulty in breathing, &c., in all of which cases they give immediate and permanent relief. They are invaluable to those who have a cold of long standing. Price 25 cents.

Howe & Ridlon
ARE OFFERING BARGAINS IN
Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Hassocks,
Carpet Sweepers,
Etc., Etc.,
Through the Holiday Season.
Also a good variety of fresh made Candies, Oranges, Nuts Figs, Dates, etc.
On Groceries and Canned Goods we will give you the very best quality at bottom prices.
N. B.—Remember our Carpet Rooms on the second floor, and Groceries on the first floor.
HOWE & RIDLON,
98 Main St., (Opp. Post Office) Norway.

FRANK E. BELL,
CUSTOM TAILOR
I HAVE A VERY LARGE LINE OF
SAMPLES
—OF—
Suitings, Overcoatings, Etc.,
to choose from, and will warrant satisfaction every time.
HARRY LANE will be on hand to wait on his old customers.

N. DAYTON BOLSTER,
South Paris, Me.,
HAS NOT ADVANCED THE PRICE
—OF—
Blankets,
Yarns,
Underwear,
Hosiery,
Shawls, or
Gloves,
ON ACCOUNT OF THE TARIFF!
Call and See Us.
N. DAYTON BOLSTER, South Paris.

SUMNER.

A Christmas festival was held at the Morrill school-house Dec. 24th. Although the night was cold, the house was well filled. The exercises consisted of music, recitations, declamations, and dialogues. The tree was well filled with presents for old and young.

We learn that Freeman Farrow of Farrow's Mills is in feeble health.

Frank Merrow of Auburn was in town last week and purchased cattle of the following parties: C. H. Bonney, Harrison Bonney, G. B. Foster, Wm. F. Bonney and John Davenport.

Carl Abbott went to Bethel last week.

E. C. Bowker has returned to his work in Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Eliphet Spaulding are stopping at Mrs. S. father's, Winslow Morrill's.

Percy Davenport and Mabel Tuttle are on the sick list.

LOVELL.

The ladies of the Christian Circle gave a "chicken pie" supper at the town house on Tuesday evening. There was a good company present, and with the supper and an apron sale, about $18.00 was realized.

The Cong. Circle was entertained at the town house on Christmas eve by Mrs. Nellie Pottle. After the supper there was a Christmas tree which was well loaded with presents.

It began to snow here Friday afternoon, and Saturday morning we had a great deal more than we thought we needed.

There was a Christmas entertainment at the village churches on Thursday evening, with speaking, recitations, singing, and two Christmas trees. There was also a neighborhood gathering and tree at Stephen Mason's, and one at the school-house at West Lovell.

Stephen Coffin has sold his farm at No. Lovell to Mrs. Esther Garcelon and has bought of Dean M. Andrews at the Centre. C. K. C.

SOUTH HARTFORD.

Amos Purkis and Decatur Irish have been packing apples at Albion Ricker's in Turner. Mr. Ricker sold to the canning factory at North Turner, $500.00 worth of apples, pears, and plums, this fall, and now has from $1200 to $1500 worth of apples, or rather has just sold them to Abel Irish. So much for practical orcharding.

John Morgan and Joseph Philbrick have been hauling hay for George Philbrick from Rich Mountain to Turner Center.

Rumor says that Orison Jordan has purchased the Ed. Shaw farm.

Eugene Verrill has finished his season's work for H. C. Ricker and is now working for Carrol Mason.

Mrs. Stillman Gurney works at J. H. Deaborn's.

Alph Keene is going to South Paris to work in the sled factory.

Ella Holland has gone to Portland to live.

Sa[illegible] Conant has been harvesting his ice.

Carroll Mason has a cow that dropped twin calves last week.

There was a family gathering at S. E. Irish's.

Kate DeCoster has been stopping at D. Irish's.

PARIS HILL.

The annual meeting of the Paris Hill Academy Association will be held at the Hubbard House at 7 o'clock on Saturday evening, Jan. 3d.

Following are some of the persons who spent Christmas in this village:—E. A. Chase, wife and daughter, Dedham, Mass.; Mrs. Charles Watson and son, Malden, Mass.; and Mrs. Richard Stewart of Antrim, N. H.

The annual meeting of the Hillside Cemetery Association will be held at the Hubbard House on Saturday evening, Jan. 3d, at 7 o'clock.

The roads in this vicinity were almost impassable on Saturday as a result of the storm.

M. L. Bonney is about to put out his shingle as a dentist.

The buildings of Hiram Fields, who lives some four miles north of this village, together with their contents, excepting the cattle, were totally destroyed by fire Monday morning about 2 o'clock. Cause of fire, defective chimney; no insurance.

EAST STONEHAM.

Melissa McAllister has been working for Mrs. Goodwin.

More than a foot of snow fell here last Friday afternoon and evening and the roads are somewhat drifted.

The Bijou Comedy Company gave an entertainment at K. of P. Hall on the eve of the 25th inst. There was a large attendance and all passed off pleasantly. The parts were well rendered by the different members of the company. The music was fine. After the exhibition the time was employed in dancing. We feel to congratulate the company on the success attending their entertainments. When we reflect that the members of this company do not claim to be professional comedians or musicians, we are surprised at their skill and really proud of the talent displayed by them. Hoping for their continued success and that we may witness the same, we wish them a "Happy New Year." F. E. S.

NORTH FRYEBURG.

Married Dec. 24th, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Seth Farrington Heald of Lovell, and Alice Gertrude Hutchins of North Fryeburg, Rev. Mr. Sandbrook of Lovell, officiating. They recived a bountiful supply of useful and costly presents as well as the good wishes for health, happiness and prosperity from the entire community. After the wedding breakfast they started for Portland, visiting Lewiston and vicinity, then to their future home in Lovell.

James E. Hutchins, who has suffered severely from acute bronchitis, is recovering slowly and will soon be able to be out of doors.

Leon Giles and wife are in Brownfield to remain for two months. His genial face behind the counter will be missed.

Mrs. Anson Charles is convalescent. She has been sadly missed in the neighborhood and we shall be grateful to have her about again.

The services at the Chapel are closed for the present.

Christmas tree at the Harbor Dec. 25th. A good time was reported and full attendance.

DICKVALE.

The little son of Chas. L. Mathews, who has been sick so long with diphtheria, whooping cough and other complications, is now convalescing.

The little child of P. S. Tracy is sick.

Joseph A. Putnam is teaching in this district and David Atkins in the Plantation. Schools suspended for the Christmas days. They had a lyceum in the Plantation last Tuesday evening, had discussion, paper, recitations, dialogues, etc. Trying to develop talent we 'spect.

L. C. Putnam of this place is teaching in the Billings district, Woodstock.

18 inches of snow the 17th and 18th inst. followed by something like a blizzard. 16 inches more the 26th and 27th inst. and the elements playing the —— with it at the present moment. If I really believed those old Christmas weather-saws would cut this time I'd make my way to the land of cotton before it became impossible.

A. J. Farrar is lumbering as usual.

Hemmingway, Rowe Bros. and Tracy are hauling poplar and birch. There are thousands of cords to be landed on the banks of Spear's stream and at Wyman's mill. Never was there more activity about our place. Besides those we have mentioned are many others doing a smaller amount of business.

We sometimes read good stories of smart old ladies and their feats at spinning and knitting, etc., always with pleasure, so we give the following: Mary J. Andrews, age 72 years, has spun and doubled and twisted 92 skeins of yarn and knit 15 pairs of double mittens and 25 pairs of footings besides other knitting, all this fall.

Leonard Connell's children, who have been very sick of whooping cough, are reported better.

The Greatest Sufferers in The World
Are women; their delicate organization being particularly susceptible to derangement and disease. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., purifies the blood, invigorates the system and fortifies it against the diseases incident to age, climate and season. It is the best medicine in the world. Keep it in the house for your children's sake, as well as for your own. 50-1

EAST HIRAM.

R. G. Greene and N. R. Flint have returned from Cordiff, Tenn. Not being favorably impressed with the country their sojourn was short.

W. H. Linscott and son started for Kansas last Tuesday.

Mrs. Dr. Wilson entertained the Cong'l circle last Wednesday afternoon and evening. The entertainment for the evening was a Christmas tree for the little ones. About one hundred were present.

The Grangers had a picnic dinner Christmas day and a tree in the afternoon.

Dr. C. E. Wilson is suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia.

NORTH BRIDGTON.

Mrs. J. A. Whiting was at L. M. Whiting's one day last week.

J. C. Metcalf came from Denmark and spent Christmas at Chas. Hill's.

Mrs. C. E. Knight and little daughter have returned home after several weeks absence.

John and J. C. Mead have returned from their work at South Paris.

Mrs. Hattie Delano and little daughter are visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Mead.

WEST BETHEL.

Eugene P. Farwell of Nova Scotia, has arrived and is stopping with his father, D. A. Farwell.

Nettie L. French of Cambridgeport, Mass., has remembered her many friends here by sending them each a Christmas card.

A. S. Bean recently bought a nice span of grey horses, which is called the prettiest pair of horses in this part of the county.

Prescott Bennett has been quite sick with lung trouble but is now better.

Lillian Goodnow of Gorham, N. H., is here to spend the winter with her mother and grandparents.

The great question now is to know who will get the Mountaineer bicycle.

Mrs. A. S. Bean, who is at Portland for medical treatment, is reported to be improving finely.

It is reported that Ernest Cross has sold his farm.

The baby girl of Mrs. J. F. Rollins is very bright and smart and certainly one of the prettiest in this part of the county. Her mother has great reason to feel proud of her.

John Stiles was recently seen going through this village with a very swift horse. Mr. Stiles knows just how to handle a horse and has had several young colts to break for different men.

W. D. Mills is having all the work in his shop that he can do. He has six sets of sleds to make and is obliged to hire some help. He now has two men at work for him.

The great query is to know who the jealous woman is. We would advise each one to study her own heart and guess for herself.

John Wight and wife of Gilead, were here to spend Christmas with her father, E. R. Briggs.

Eugene Briggs, who has been working at the Bethel chair factory for the past year, has been spending a few weeks at his parental home and on Christmas day his heart was gladdened with the company of the girl with the blue hood. Never mind Gene, she is good looking as the rest of the girls, now be careful and not get the mitten.

E. S. Smith has over a hundred pullets this winter, which he keeps in three different pens. He has a lot of the handsomest Plymouth Rock pullets often seen in these parts. They are laying well now.

HANOVER.

Llewellyn Howe from Natick, Mass., was called home to Hanover by the death of his brother.

Christmas passed off very quietly at Hanover. There was a tree at the hall and a small entertainment and supper.

The Good Templars are gaining. They have 59 members now.

Cyrene Roberts from Bethel Hill was in town last week.

Bill Mason was in town on business last week.

Another large storm arrived at Hanover last Friday night, 16 inches on a level.

BOLSTER'S MILLS.

Owing to the very bad travelling there was no preaching service at our church last Sabbath.

The Christmas entertainment held at Grange hall Thursday evening of last week was a very pleasant occasion. The exercises consisted of music, dialogues and tableaux by the children, a very interesting address by Dr. S. L. Weston and the distributing of gifts from the tree. All the parts were well performed by the children, the tableau, "Old Folk's Concert" bringing down the house. Much credit is due the managers for giving so pleasing a program on this occasion.

Mr. Briggs of Harrison, who was stricken with paralysis a short time since was buried last Sabbath. He was a kind neighbor, much respected by all who knew him. F. M. N.

NORTH WEST BETHEL.

Herman Skillings went to feed his team the morning of the 27th and in his mare's crib he found a lively green snake.

Warner Kendall is driving a four horse team for Wm. Chapman of the "Homestead Farm."

Mumps and whooping cough have located here and seem bound to stay.

Seth Mason has a fine pair of black and white calves, well matched and about three months old. They are called Bunch and Budd. Rob Stearns has a pair of red and white ones some older that are nicely broken and look exactly alike. Their mothers were N. S. Stearns' twin heifers.

Prof. Wight and wife are in town for a few days. UNO.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

The King Is Dead! Long Live the King!

Now it came to pass in the years of the reign of Benjamin (whose sir name was Harrison) the chief ruler of the country known as the United States, that the people living in the land of "High Winds" were under the control of a wicked king, one who did many cruel things, causing heartaches, misery and much desolation throughout all the land.

For a long season this wicked king had reigned and there was no peace in the place of "High Winds" but great vexations were upon all the inhabitants thereof, and the terror of the evil king's doings reached afar into the neighboring hamlets! Yea, even to the peaceful land found neath the shadow of Mount Caribou, and the resounding tread of his subjects was heard at night as they roamed the streets of quiet "Bogville."

And it came to pass in the last months of the year that certain members of different tribes sojourning in this land of "High Winds" became wroth and sent forth heralds bidding the lovers of peace and harmony to gather together for the purpose of discussing ways and means of dethroning this wicked king.

Now there came from a distant land a ruler of a tribe called "Templar," who journeyed hither for the purpose of presiding over this meeting and to empower certain scribes and members of different tribes as helpers to the new king, whom they hoped to have reign over their new land. And war was declared at this meeting and the battle went against the wicked king and he was numbered with the slain and King Temperance reigns in his stead and the fame of this wise and good ruler has spread abroad throughout all the land and many there are that come from different hamlets around and about to join the ranks of his majesty.

From the land of "Steady Habits" which is on the north side of the river Androscoggin, members of some of the numerous families of that valley have appeared and sworn allegiance to this king, from the "Flat District," and from down the "Great Road," and from "Bogville," which lays near to Mount Sherman, there have come many valiant soldiers, while some of distant Albany's fairest daughters are standard bearers in this army.

May it come to pass that our great King's power shall be felt throughout all the world until all the tribes of every land shall shout with us, "King Alcohol is dead! Long live King Temperance!"

A meeting of the Rumford Falls & Buckfield railroad, Tuesday, voted unanimously to accept and ratify a lease of that road to the new corporation known as the Portland & Rumford Falls railroad.

USEFUL PRESENT in every package SAVENA the best Washing Powder. Sold by grocers.

RUMFORD.

John Stephens runs his mill night and day sawing lumber. He has got two hundred and fifty thousand of oak to saw and four hundred cords of birch.

J. C. Small has posted a notice inviting his customers to settle. A good step for every body to take this time of year.

There were four Xmas trees in town, all well loaded for the little ones.

Miss C. Walker has returned from Brooklyn.

Susie Walker has four oxen hauling pine to Virgin's mill.

Chas. Simpson and family have moved to the Falls for a short stay.

The Grange store is coming slow.

Mrs. Johnson from Mass. is spending Christmas at her father's, Wm. Phinney's.

George Hodgdon of Boston is spending the holidays with his folks and friends.

Hildreth Graham will leave for Brooklyn, N. Y., this week with his young bride.

H. Hildreth from Brooklyn, N. Y., has been in town.

Mrs. Lucy Hoyt of Portland has been in town looking after her interests.

Mrs. Ruth Penley has returned from Lewiston where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. D. G. Farnum has gone to Auburn to take care of her sick sister.

Mr. Mayhew is in town with a crew hauling poplar to the river bank.

Frank Martin has shot three foxes by baiting them.

Rumford has some four hundred horse kind, among which are some good colts. H. F. Abbott has a yearling Wilkes fifteen hands.

R. V. Farnum has been laid up with the rheumatism.

Elmer Bennett is at Woodstock working in a mill.

Mr. Touchate is going to move into Mrs. Abner Elliott's house at the Center.

The weather has averaged about zero for the past month. Good weather for lumberm[illegible] weather for health, no colds nor grippe so far, giving the doctors a rest.

NORTH WOODSTOCK.

Lorenzo Billings has sold his farm on Billings hill to Otis Dudley of Bryant's Pond.

Frank Millett is very sick with lung fever and grave doubts are entertained of his recovery.

The roads are so blockaded with snow that there is but very little travel. It is a hard time for those who are engaged in lumbering.

Mrs. E. G. Wing went to Greenport, New York, to take care of her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Rogers, who at that time was not expected to live, but we learn she is a very little better. She has a fever.

Reuben Rand of Locke's Mills was in town last Wednesday.

Dr. Rankins of Bryant's Pond is often seen in this neighborhood.

Whooping cough is prevalent in Milton.

Leroy Abbott, wife and children of West Paris are visiting his relatives in this vicinity.

Many packages came by mail to residents in this place containing Christmas presents, tokens from absent friends, and your correspondent was not forgotten.

School in Billings district is progressing finely under the instruction of L. C. Putnam of Dickvale. Augustus Billings boards the teacher.

A young man in this place got turned completely over on a load of strips, Christmas day. No bones were broken, only the sleigh had to be repaired.

UPTON.

Tom Warren and his bride were surprised one evening last week on hearing a terrible, doleful noise outside the camp and on looking out there sat one single team and one double team loaded and a full band of trumpets, tin pans and such like, to suit the occasion. The bride refused to show her head outside. We all went in and spent a very jolly evening. Peanuts, confectionery, apples, coffee and wedding cake filled the order.

We have had another big storm and wind blow. Men are scarce on Mill Street, hardly enough to break roads.

Charlie Thompson left Horatio Chase and has gone in for C. E. Ryerson.

H. F. West is in want of a man to work in the woods.

Mabel West is home again. We were glad to see her once more.

Mrs. Lucy B., wife of T. F. Bragg, passed away suddenly at last. She has been very feeble a long time. She has been a member of the Cong. Church for many years. She was the oldest person in town. Her age was eighty-four years and eight months. She was buried Monday, Dec. 15, Rev. Mr. Fickett of Andover attending the funeral. Since her death her husband has had a slight shock losing the use of his limbs for a while.

Peter Russell, wife and daughter are visiting in town.

Christmas was observed in many families this year. No entertainment at the church on account of bad roads and weather

NORTH NORWAY.

Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Cushman's reception Dec. 24th was well attended and greatly enjoyed.

Kate Hobbs is at home from Colby University during vacation.

Geo. Bennett had a Xmas tree at his residence Dec. 25th.

Nellie Hussey has been at home the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Merrill had a wedding party at Mr. Martin's near the Mud Pond, Dec. 23d.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury Russell gave a sumptuous dinner on Xmas to twelve invited guests.

Wealthy Cox has entirely recovered from her late sickness.

Travelling was so very bad Saturday that the mail carrier could not get through, so we poor North Norwayites are in profound ignorance of what is transpiring in the great world. Notwithstanding the snow drifts the cream gatherer from Waterford shoveled his way through.

EAST HEBRON.

We have a full supply of snow, enough to last the entire season without replenishing. A deep drift of nearly 100 rods west of S. H. Keene's was shoveled through in some parts 6 feet deep. From the church toward Auburn one drift was cut through for about one-fourth mile, and woe to the teams that meet in those long channels. A jocose Buckfield man, breaking roads down to the Hebron line on Saturday, with the cold wind stinging his face and whisking the snow into his eyes, wanted to know what the Hebron folks wanted of more roads, when they had more now than they could keep broken out.

Mellen Snell is failing gradually. Mrs. Abigail Foster, his sister-in-law, came from Sumner to bid him goodbye on last Wednesday.

The Grange will present a drama on New Year's eve entitled The Woven Web.

Willie Keene is paying 29 cents per dozen for eggs and receives 30 cents at Turner Center where he carries cream for the butter factory for his brother Charles since he went to hauling wood for H. R. Keene.

A young lady on a Sabbath morning went to her room and dropped her curtain to dress for meeting. She found a stitch was missing in her dress and threaded her needle to repair the missing stitch. Her little three years old sister came in and with big eyes ran and raised the curtain, saying "Here, Mr. Dod, just look in and see Audusta sowing Sunday."

Arthur L. Bonney has had a severe time for several months caused by ulcerated teeth. After having them extracted an abscess came on his cheek which has been lanced, but still remains in that same painful way. His physician now informs him a medical operation is necessary. He has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

Christmas was not publicly observed, but the usual amount of gifts were circulated among our citizens.

Report says Rev. Frank Snell, formerly of this place, had the chain of wedlock fastened around him last week.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your Druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. (48-21)

NORTH WATERFORD.

The largest snow storm of the season last Friday night, being 15 inches on a level.

Unable to have services Sunday at the church on account of the travelling. It was the first Sunday for many months it has not been opened.

Ladies' Circle met with Mrs. A. B. Washburne Tuesday, 23d. It was the last Circle of the year. There was a fine picnic supper served and a good time enjoyed. Singing, playing, etc., was the order of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster and their two children are visiting at Mrs. Hattie Moulton's, sister to Mrs. Webster.

Horace Foster and family started Thursday morning for Newry to visit relatives at that place.

Mrs. John Rice had a Xmas tree at her home Thursday evening. Mrs. Fred Stone and children from Norway were present, as also the children living nearer. They began the evening with select reading. Then Santa Claus made his appearance in the form of little Phillip Stone, dressed in Santa Claus style, which made much sport. The gifts were then distributed to one and all with much pleasure.

There was a pleasant time passed at the church Christmas eve. The exercises were mostly by the children and were well executed. But the most promising feature was the two well laden trees and three tables also laden with gifts too numerous to mention. The little ones eyes sparkled as they anxiously waited for the distribution of the presents. At last the organ pealed forth, and as the song "Somebody's Coming," sung by Mildred Elliott, ended the door suddenly burst open and Santa Claus with his basket thrown over his shoulder, filled with gifts, was drawn up the aisle and alighted, with roars of laughter from all sides. Then gifts from his basket were thrown in all directions till nothing more remained. He then jumped on his sled and was drawn down the aisle and out he went. The gifts were then taken from the tree and delivered by the half dozen carriers, as names indicated. We know of none but were remembered and think none were disappointed.

Will H. Kilgore started Saturday morning for Chatham with 15 men that were going to work in the woods there. He had Mr. Morrison take his covered coach and drive and Will took his large sleigh. It was quite a pretty winter scene, with snow 15 inches on a level and the horses plowing through it. They reached Lovell at 2 p. m., started the next morning for Chatham and reached their destination in time for a late dinner, rested and got back to North Fryeburg at 8.30 p. m., stopped there one night, started Monday morning and arrived home at 1 o'clock p. m., having experienced enough of winter, for one trip, at least. But however they arrived home all right. The horses were in good condition, without cuts or any thing of the kind, only rather tired but with good appetite for their dinner as also the drivers.

BISBEE TOWN.—Mrs. Harriet Sylverter is quite sick at her daughter's, Mrs. Orrin Flint's.

Lill Flint had the misfortune to severely scald her foot while pouring water from the teakettle.

The scholars of No. 9 kindly remembered their teacher, Mrs. Ella Knight, by giving her a nice Xmas present.

Mrs. Lloyd Andrews is visiting relatives in Paris and Oxford.

There was about fifteen inches of snow fell Dec. 26th.

F. Stanley is hauling poplar to Crooked river.

WEST PARIS.

Rev. C. A. Hayden of Auburn will lecture at the Baptist church Jan'y 7th. All are cordially invited.

Lots of fun now, snow enough to afford it. There is nearly 2½ feet of snow this way. The last snow we had blocked the roads quite badly and especially on the G. T. R. It is so bad that the trains have been from 1 to 3 hours late, which makes it bad for the mails and people who are travelling. It is not much use for any one to depend on trains.

D. E. Cornish from Lewiston was in town on Monday.

C. H. Young has returned to Norway again. He is to stop with Miss Libby a few days longer.

No meeting at the Baptist house last Sunday on account of the bad weather.

The Grangers held their fair Monday evening. There was not a great many present. The three quilts were sold at auction.

Mabel Rawson spent last Sunday at Samuel Ray's. She returned to South Paris Monday morning where she is teaching school.

Minnie Rawson is visiting at Mr. Ray's for a few days. She has been quite sick with a bad cold.

J. W. Ramsdell, of the firm of Ramsdell & Ridlon, has not been feeling quite as well for the past few days as usual. Mr. Ramsdell has not been overburdened with good health for the past year or so. He has been in trade here two years or more and has worked quite hard attending to store duties, and he is a man that won't let the grass grow under his feet you may be sure. He is up early and late and into the work all over and it is too much for him to do so, but to keep him down is impossible. We are very sorry he is not feeling so well again. He is a very nice man to have in a village like this. He is always ready, willing and obliging to assist in any thing whatever. Hope he will be better soon.

Lin Briggs has been at home on a visit from Topsham where he is working for N. L. Marshall, also Dwight Stearns has been at home on a visit from Brockton, Mass.

Della Ridlon has been visiting friends at North Paris for a few days. She returned last Sunday. "Della makes a nice little grandmother," she is so tidy and primp all the time.

Prof. Bateman has been here for the past week giving lectures and met with quite good success.

Geo. B. Barstow is visiting in New York.

Tom Flavin has not returned from Boston yet.

Bert Young and his bride returned home from Boston where they have been on their wedding tour.

Mrs. John Bicknell has returned home from Portland, feeling quite nicely.

It is reported that Geo. E. Ellingwood of the Pioneer Chair Co. has sold out to Andrews & Cornish.

EAST BROWNFIELD.

L. A. Bradbury has purchased a lot near Brownfield depot and moved his store on to it and intends building a dwelling house and stable soon.

James Ham and wife of Ossipee, N. H., have been visiting friends here.

Clarence and Addie Allard have been spending a few days at home during the holidays.

Whitman Stickney has returned to Conway where he is employed in a store.

The Sunday-school children gave a concert in the Cong. church Sunday evening.

The King's Daughters will give an entertainment at the Town Hall Dec. 31st.

HEBRON.

Tuesday morning, Dec. 23, at the residence of the bride's father, occurred the marriage of Henry K. Stearns and Fannie L. Donham, by the Rev. Dr. Crane. The happy couple immediately took the train for Montreal, where they spend their honey-moon.

Christmas exercises were held in the chapel as usual, consisting of music, recitations, tableaux, etc. At the close of the exercises Santa Claus appeared on the stage and distributed bags of candy and nuts among the children. Tables and lines and two large trees were heavily loaded with presents and we think no one was forgotten by Santa Claus.

Friday evening about half past six while the heavy snow storm was raging the startling cry of fire rang through the village. It was soon ascertained that the house owned and occupied by Ellsworth Cushman with his mother and sister was on fire. Despite the storm the neighbors gathered and by hard work saved the barn and shed and part of the things in the house. The house with part of its contents soon burned to the ground. Among the things burned were twenty barrels of apples, some potatoes, a pig just ready to salt down, two stoves, one half barrel flour, etc. There was no insurance. The wind blew the cinders nearly a quarter of a mile and if the snow had not covered the roofs of the houses in the vicinity a number of other houses would probably have been burned.

Henry Stearns and wife came home from Montreal Monday.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—[U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

CHRISTMAS —IS— ALMOST HERE! —AND— MRS. S. E. CLARK, Andover, HAS HER STORE FULL OF Seasonable X Goods, in great variety to select from. Call and examine.

AXES
GOOD AXES! Best that can be bought for cash.
FAIR AXES! That are warranted and are all right.
AXES! That are not hardly worth carrying home, but will do for splitting, and don't cost much.
BOYS' AXES! That will make a boy burn with desire to annihilate the forests around him.
Axe Handles! The like of which is not to be had out of Oxford County. All for sale by
WM. C. LEAVITT, Next Elm House, - - Norway, Me.

SAVENA

Each Package SAVENA contains a DIFFERENT PRESENT AND A USEFUL PRESENT. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

BIRTHS.

In Brownfield, Dec. 26, to the wife of Moody McLucas, jr., a son.
In Peru, Dec. 16, to the wife of M. Hall, a daughter.
In Sweden, Dec. 20, to the wife of Mark E. Perry, a son.
In Welchville, Dec. 25, to the wife of Freeman Getchell, a daughter.
In East Stoneham, Dec. 18, to the wife of William Goodwin, a daughter.
In Paris, Dec. 11, to the wife of A. O. Corbett, a son.

MARRIAGES.

In Oxford, Dec. 24, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. E. W. Kennison, Clement Poland and Sana A. Russell, both of Oxford.
In Oxford, Dec. 25, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. E. W. Kennison, Arthur A. Towne and Gertrude A. Cushman, both of Oxford.
In Norway, Dec. 26, by H. Upton, esq., John M. Frank and Ella M. Stevens, of Stoneham.
In Paris, Dec. 24, by Rev. J. C. Andrews, Geo. A. Abbott and Charlotte M. Curtis, both of Paris.
In Paris, Dec. 24, by Rev. J. C. Andrews, S. Lewis Stuart and Gertie M. Swan, both of West Paris.
In Norway, Dec. 24, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. F. W. Smith, Howard A. Allen of Norway, and Lavaum A. Flint of Albany.
In Norway, Dec. 24, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. F. W. Smith, Albert E. Dean to Hattie C. Swan, both of Paris.
In Auburn, Dec. 25, by Rev. C. A. Hayden, Harry H. Buck and Katie E. Warren, both of Buckfield.
In Auburn, Dec. 22, by Rev. E. T. Adams, Rev. Frank W. Snell of Auburn and Alice W. Snell of Sumner.
In Hebron, Dec. 23, Henry K. Stearns and Fannie Donham.
In South Paris, Dec. 23, by Rev. A. G. Fitz, Hiram S. Bisbee and Mamie W. Andrews, both of Sumner.
In Paris, Dec. 22, by Rev. A. P. Wedge, Wm. G. Hammond and Mrs. Victoria N. Woodbury, both of Paris.
In North Fryeburg, Dec. 24, Seth Farrington Heald of Lovell and Alice Gertrude Hutchins of North Fryeburg.
In Norway, Dec. 24, by Rev. C. E. Angell, Samuel B. Hebbard of Shelburne, N. H., and Edith M. Packard of Auburn, Me.
In Norway, Dec. 24, by Rev. C. E. Angell, S. Scott Sanders and Margaret B. Walker.
In Norway, Dec. 30, at the M. E. Parsonage, by Rev. F. W. Smith, Eugene Andrews and Mary L. Marston, both of Albany.
In East Sumner, Dec. 27, at the residence of the bride's father, Dea. Charles Bonney, by Rev. S. D. Richardson, Epyrus Bosworth and Hattie M. Boffney, both of Sumner.

DEATHS.

In Upton, Dec. 22, infant son of Ellsworth and Carrie Lombard.
In Harrison, Dec. 26, Thos. Briggs, aged 78 years, 8 months, 26 days.
In South Framingham, Mass., Dec. 16, Jonas Kendall, formerly of Paris, aged 87 years.
In New Haven, Ct., Dec. 26, Mrs. Elliot Smith, aged 85 years.
In Oxford, Dec. 24, John V. Noyes, aged 65 years.
In Norway, Dec. 20, Leslie, son of LeJune O. and Etta Burt, aged 16 months.

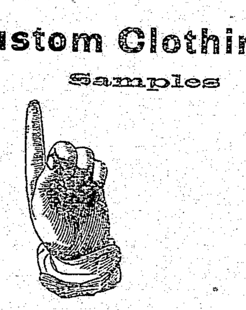
The Majority
Of so-called cough-cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver. No other medicine is so safe and efficacious in diseases of the throat and lungs.
"Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. I employed a physician most of the time, who finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and, before I had finished taking the first bottle was able to sit up all the time, and to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."—L. D. Bixby, Bartonsville, Vt.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $4.

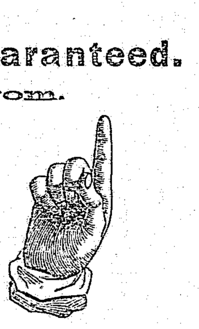
A writ was served in the suit brought by Nellie M. Gray of Denmark, against the Saco Water Company of Portland. Plaintiff owns water privilege at Moose Brook and she alleges that owing to the action of the company she has at times been without sufficient water to run a saw mill. She claims damages of two thousand dollars. The case will be entered for trial at the February term of the Supreme Court for Oxford County. Judge G. H. Walker of Bridgton is the plaintiff's counsel.

Everytown where SAVENA is introduced the sale is larger than all other washing compounds.

—W. A. FROTHINGHAM,—
SOUTH PARIS, - - MAINE,
—HAS JUST RECEIVED A LINE OF—
Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, Etc.,
WHICH HE SELLS AT LOW PRICES. ALSO
HARNESSES, WHIPS, ROBES & BLANKETS.
☞Call and get prices on these articles, as he has them for sale and will dispose of them at a small profit. Full line of
Boots, Shoes Rubbers and Slippers.

—CHRISTMAS IS COMING!—
and
T. L. Webb's Blue Store,
110 Main Street, Norway, Maine,
—WILL TAKE THE LEAD—
This Year as Usual, in FINE FURNISHING GOODS, such as
Neckties in Buff, Weldon, Knoxville, Wanhoe, Teck, Four-in-Hand, and Button On.
Mufflers of all grades. Silk, linen and cotton Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Armlets, Hose, Supporters, Cuff-holders, or anything in the line of Furnishings that you might want.
—MY STOOK OF CLOTHING—
Comprises all the late goods in the market. Hats, Caps, and FUR GOODS.
Should like to present my patrons with an Calender for 1891.
I SHALL MAKE A DISPLAY —OF—
Neckties, Mufflers and Silk Handk'fs
this week in my Show Window. Should be pleased to show you and state prices.
This is positively the finest line of Neckwear in Maine.
Respectfully,
T. L. Webb's Blue Store.
Custom Clothing. Fits Guaranteed.
Samples to Select From.





AGAIN I STEP TO THE FRONT
With the bigest stock of my kind of goods, cosisting of *GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES AND CHAINS.*
The best assortment of *COLLAR AND CUFF BUTTONS,* and an endless variety of *STONE AND PLAIN BAND RINGS, BABY RINGS and PINS, JERSEY PINS* and *CHAINS* for Ladies, *EMBLEM PINS* and *CHARMES* in Odd Fellows, Masons and Knights, *WHITE STONE RINGS, PINS, EAR JEWELS* and *STUDS;* last but not least, the best line of *SPECTACLES & EYE GLASSES* to be found in the county.
Come and see me and my stock. The goods are all new and paid for.
HORACE COLE, THE JEWELER,

1843. ESTABLISHED 1843.
THE OLDEST STOVE AND HARDWARE STORE IN OXFORD COUNTY STILL ALIVE AND PROSPEROUS!
I am pleased to be able to offer my customers and the public the FINEST ASSORTMENT of
Parlor, Office AND Cooking Stoves,
RANGES AND FURNACES,
for Wood or Coal, to be found in the State. These goods are selected fom the best makers in New England, and to prove their excellence, one needs only to use them. No trouble to show goods.
☞Please call and see them. Prices as low as the lowest for goods of the same quality and finish. Also
Builders' Hardware of All Kinds.
J. O. CROOKER, 138 Main St., NORWAY, ME.

CLIMAX OF 1890
IN
Christmas Goods
This season, we unhesitatingly say we have the largest and most varied stock of **Christmas Goods** ever before, and as they have already began to move freely, the evidence is the price has gained its object, as we are now duplicating orders, of Odd Chairs that we supposed was amply supplied.
WE SOLICIT THE INSPECTION OF ALL,
While hoping we may be able to show you, it is not for our interest wholly, as we believe it is not. ☞We have
Special Inducements in Odd Chairs AND Tables
C. B. CUMMINGS & SONS,
Norway, - - - - - - Maine.

FROST & BANGS,
Crockery AND Glass Ware
—FOR—
CHRISTMAS!
Glass Sets, Water Sets, Glass Pitchers, Bread and Milk Sets, Hot Wa[ter] Tumblers, Lamps of every description, Fruit Dishes, Vases, Rose Ja[rs] Plain and Decorated Toilet Sets, Dinner Sets of different patterns; everyth[ing] in White Ware to select from.
You are invited to come and look our Stock over. Don't forget we ke[ep] the best line of *CHOICE GROCERIES* kept in town.
FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.
FROST & BANGS. - - NORWAY

BUY YOUR LAMPS
—AND—
Christmas Candy
At S. N. BUCK'S.

NEW GOODS for CHRISTMA[S]
Gold Watches, Silver AND Nickel Watche[s]
Clocks, Chains, Seals, Rings, Pins and Charms, Beads, Brac[e]lets, Sleeve Buttons and Studs, Gold Specs and Eye Glasses every other article usually found in a first-class Watch, Jewelry and Optical s[tore].
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS
S. RICHARDS,
South Paris, - - - - Main[e]

Norway Shoe Store
—STORE SIGN—
Millett & Fuller,
Wish to call the attention of FARMERS and LUMBERMEN to a few Gr[eat] Trades in RUBBERS and OVERSHOES.
LOT No. 1. Men's Heavy Gum Rubber Buckle. $1
" No. 2. A few pairs Mens' Overs for Wool Boots.
" No. 3. Men's Buckle Arctics, heavy. 1
—ALSO A FULL LINE OF—
MENS' WOOL BOOTS AND LEGGINS
WE KEEP A FULL
Line of Boston Rubber Shoe Company
Rubbers; best goods in the market.
LADIES, we have got the Best line [of] Kid Button and Lace Shoes,
we have ever had. ☞Come and see them before purcha[sing]
—ALSO A NICE LINE OF—
SLIPPERS FOR CHRISTMAS
In fact, the Largest Stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers in Oxford County, at
No. 112 Main Street. - - - - Norway, Mai[ne]

ALL READY!
HILLS, THE JEWELER'S
Holiday Stoc[k]
Is Larger Than Ever Before.
Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Rings, Gold Pins, Chains, Brac[e]lets, Cuff Buttons, Ear Jewels, Scarf Pins, etc., etc.
SILVERWARE!
Largest Stock to be found in the County. Call and see.
Prices Lowest on First Quality Goods
HILLS is the only Jeweler in the County (at present time) who marks selling prices of his goods in plain figures, thereby showing customers t[hat] extra prices during Holidays, by this system, is impossible. Look out blind Marks. ☞Remember the place,
Hills, the Jeweler,
129 Main St., Norway, Me.
Store formerly occupied by Whitcomb & Smiley.

BOOTS AND SHOES
FOR
Ladies' Gents' & Children's Wear
FINE GOODS AND PLENTY OF THEM
CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS
For Old and Young. You are sure to find what you want.
OUR AIM—To Keep the Best!
OUR AMBITION—To Please Our Trade!
OUR PRINCIPLE—Fair Dealing!
OUR PRICES—The Lowest!
Our Welcome Word for All Bargai[ns]
OXFORD COUNTY SHOE STORE,
129 1-2 Main Street - - - - Norway, Mai[ne]

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Flour, the very best, at Frost &[...]
Mrs. Edith Gibbs of Athol, is [...] in town.
Buy your ladies' and gents' o[...] at Oxford County Shoe Store.
Social dance at Ryerson Hall [...]day evening.
Remember the Concert at the [...] House next Thursday evening [...] cure seats before the best ones ar[e ...]
Christmas prices at Miss Libby's [...] cabinets $2.00 per doz.
J. A. Bolster has a yoke of b[...] which he wishes to sell. If [...] speak to him about them.
Read the new shoe store ad. w[...] N. Swett is manager.
Mrs. Will Shaw slipped on t[he] walk and fell last Monday breaki[ng ...] ribs.
Tea and coffee of every descri[ption ...] Frost & Bangs.
The Good Templars go on a[n ...]sion to Welchville Wednesday [...]
E. N. Swett invites all to call [on] him at the Smiley shoe store.
The Ladies' Circle will meet in [...] Hall next Tuesday. Supper [...] Promenade in the evening.
Extra good bargains in car[...] Howe & Ridlon's.
Iza Hill, a young lady who is [...] for Mrs. Gibbs Abbott, spent Ne[w ...] with her parents, Mr. and Mr[s. ...] Hill and enjoyed it very much.
Hecker's hominy and buckwh[eat ...] be found at Howe & Ridlon's.
For chilblains soak the feet in [...]ter then bathe freely with B. I. I[...]
We are selling maps of Oxford [...] showing the lake and wilderness [...] 20 cents. One and two cent [...] stamps taken.
Harry Jones, son of Dr. Geo. [...] is learning the dentist's trade. [...] showed us some teeth he recentl[y ...] and they were ugly looking on[...] has a fancy for the business and [...] did opportunity to learn.
Fruit and confectionery, toba[cco ...] cigars at Frost & Bangs.
Friday evening the Progressive [...] Club gave Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. [...] surprise visit at the Beal's Hous[e ...] they board. The occasion was [...]riage anniversary of Mr. and Mr[s. ...] A very pleasant evening was [...] The Club presented them with [...] gold lined bon-bon dish.
The best chocolate cream d[...] sold at 20 cents a lb. can be [...] Hobbs' Variety Store.
At the annual meeting of the [...]tive Association held recently th[e ...]ing officers were elected:
M. J. Rowe, Secretary.
C. W. Ryerson, Fred Rowe and A[...]ver, Directors.
C. W. Ryerson, President.
H. C. Oxnard, Treasurer.
Miss S. H. Davis and Mrs. C. W. [...] Auditors.
An $18 dollar watch given aw[ay ...] H. Noyes' clothing store. See ad [...] paper.
Thursday evening of this week [...]pils of the high school will hold [...]um and the following question [...] discussed: Resolved that com[...] pursuits offer better inducemen[ts ...] young men than the profession[s ...]mative, Albro French and Mattie [...] negative, Elmer Abbott and [...] Faunce.
If in want of a carpet it will [...] to call at Howe & Redlon's and [...] prices.
Will call your attention to [...] Webb's Blue Store adv. If I h[...] thing to buy in the clothing or [...]ing line I would follow instruction[s ...]
The Rubinstein Club of Lewist[on ...] give a concert in the Opera Hou[se ...] Thursday evening, Jan. 15th. Se[ats ...] be secured at Stone's Drug Stor[e ...] and 50 cts. The company is co[...] of some of the best musical talen[t ...] State and we hope that their visit [...]way will be appreciated by our [...] loving people. See ad.
Hobbs' Variety Store will close [...] every evening except Saturday [...] April 1st.
S. N. Buck has sold his groce[ry busi]ness and stock in trade to H. J. [...] of Canton, and E. F. Bicknell [...] town. Mr. Buck has not enjoye[d ...] health for some months and he fe[...] he must get away from the conf[inement] of a grocery store. Mr. Hamlin [...] known in town, as he has live[d ...] several years prior to his going [...]ton and his many friends will be [...] have him return. We wish the n[ew firm] much success.
For every 50 cents purchased a[t ...] Noyes' clothing store you are en[titled to] one vote for any boy in Paris or [...] in the watch contest.
The officers elect of the Oxford [...]ty Pomona Grange were insta[lled by] Cyrus S. Brett of Otisfield, install[ing offi]cer, assisted by Charles Mellen a[nd ...] B. W. Marston, at the hall of [...] Grange on Tuesday and are as f[ollows:]
H. E. Chase, Paris, Master.
W. H. Tracy, Norway, Overseer.
F. L. Wyman, West Paris, Lecturer.
Chandler Swift, Paris, Steward.
A. A. Bird, Paris, Asst. Steward.
Mrs. H. E. Carter, Paris, Lady Asst.[...]
A. E. Morse, Paris, Chaplain.
M. J. Rowe, Norway, Treasurer.
C. H. George, Hebron, Secretary.
M. H. Tucker, Paris, Gate Keeper.
Mrs. F. L. Wyman, Paris, Pomona.
Mrs. A. A. Bird, Paris, Flora.
Mrs. H. E. Chase, Paris, Ceres.
Two good tenements in the [...] House, Main St., to let, price $[...] per month. Apply to Geo. L. B[...]

NEW S[...]
Saturda[y ...]
E. N. SWETT[...]
WE [...]
Special Attent[ion ...]
LADIES' DONG. BUTTON[...]
" " "
LADIES' DONG. BUTTON[...]
" " "
GENTS' CONGRESS S[...]
" "
" "
" "
We also have a full line of [...] Children's goods. Also a full [...]
☞This is a new stock, jus[t ...]
SMILEY [...]
Opposite Elm House, [...]

T. L. We[bb's ...]
110 Main St[reet ...]
ANNUAL M[...]
Heavy Suits[...]
Pants, Reefers, Leather [...] Hose, Mittens, Gloves, [...]tion; Outside Shirts, [...]
Will you just look over y[...] any of the above named arti[cles ...] you money, for I am bound to [...] Call and get prices, and you w[...]
☞Will call your atten[tion ...] both Foreign and Domestic [...] or TROUSERS. [...]
T. L. We[bb ...]